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RELICS OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.*

From the *European Magazine*.

THE SPECTRE HARPER.

THOSE who possess records of French jurisprudence as it was in the beginning of the eighteenth century, know how much the power of magic, charms, and sorcerers, perplexed the doctors of the Sorbonne, even at that period. St André tells us gravely, in his disquisition printed at Paris in 1725, of the antics performed by one James Noel, of Haye-du-Puis, in Normandy, about the year 1669, in company with a certain tall black man, "having horns on his head, sparkling eyes, a switch in one hand, and a lighted candle of pitch in the other." Thus equipped, this venerable master of the ceremonies held balls *al fresco* in the woods by moonlight, notwithstanding Judge Boguet, the Parliament of Rouen, and all the troopers that could be mustered. The great Prince of Condé himself visited a witch: and one of the fairest ladies of Louis the fourteenth's court was suspected of keeping a familiar imp, because she allowed her dog to sit at table with her. Let us not be surprised, therefore, if witchcraft had its believers only a few years ago in the remoter parts of this island, and if there are still some persons who exercise that magic which, as an eminent Frenchwoman once said when tried for sorcery, is the power of great minds over less.

2W ATHENEUM VOL. 5.

There is in the county of Cardigan, South Wales, a parish called Llanbaddarn Fawr, of great note among antiquaries. Llan, when added to the name of a saint, implies a place of worship, and the Padarn, or patron-saint, of this parish wore a gigantic coat of mail, which may be still seen in the catalogue of princely rarities kept at Caerlyon. Within the last thirty years the country resembled an open field, on which any man might keep what number of sheep he pleased; and wild horses and wild cattle ran out all the winter in common. The people, simple, hardy, and active, retained some customs very friendly to early marriages and good neighbourhood. According to one of these customs, the bailiff of the little manor of Rhydonnen came at the dawn of Easter Monday to an ancient chapel, where the young women and old champions had been seated all night, to see fair play among the wrestlers assembled there by long-established privilege. There, having rung his bell three times, the bailiff announced, in a loud voice, the intended marriage of David Gwynne and Lillian Morrisson the following Saturday. Much elevation of noses and expansion of mouths happened among the swains and spinsters; and after the usual debate on the betrothed parties' choice

* By the author of "Legends," &c.

the unmarried part of the assembly adjourned, as such occasions required, to the nearest inn's parlour, where a blank book was opened for subscriptions. An ancient and bountiful Welch custom directs that the friends and neighbours of persons approaching the holy state shall furnish their tenement with the most useful articles of furniture and of bridal festivity; each giver placing his name or mark opposite the name of his gift, in a book already mentioned, which is duly kept by the wedded pair, that an article of the same kind, or equal value, may be given at his or her marriage. The benefits of this reciprocal benevolence need no comment, and the honest groupe collected at the sign of St. Gurig on the day which begins my story seemed well disposed to exemplify it. But as David Gwynne had a farm of £10 per annum, which fed two hundred sheep, and Lillian's father was supposed to possess a rich mine of lead ore in his own right, the gifts on this occasion were rather tokens of good will and intended revelry than mere household equipage. Not a maiden or youth was present whose emulation or friendship did not induce him or her to subscribe the book, except one, who stood mournfully and in silence among the crowd. This idle spectator was the betrothed bride's cousin, Idwal ap Morris, a youth about her own age, and much resembling her in beauty, though his intellects were far inferior, and had been impaired, it was thought, by too long and disappointed dotage on his uncle's daughter. As he had some money, and might inherit more, the damsels of Llanbadarn wondered at his failure, and saw no great deficiency in his merits. They gathered round him with a mixture of sly malice and curiosity, to ask why he did not subscribe his name to a new tea-kettle and set of china, which were wanted to complete his kinswoman's equipment. The parish-clerk promised to provide him with a doleful elegy to send with it; and the schoolmaster added, laughing, "Let him, as Theocritus saith, offer another calf to love."—Idwal heard these taunts without smile

or words, but on the eve of the bridal day he was seen on the high road from Aberdovey to Cardigan leading a fatted calf with great care and speed. Now Fortune, willing to verify the maxim that weddings and burials are near each other, or being bountifully disposed to gratify the good people of Llanbadarn with both, brought at the same hour a magnificent hearse on that road. The most pompous and solemn part of its office was already done, and it was returning, with only one attendant, through a narrow defile in this mountainous tract, when it encountered the Welch Cymon and his companion. These, being jealous of their importance, insisted on precedence, and the driver of the black vehicle declared it waited for no man's bidding. The dispute was referred to the usual mode of Cambrian arbitration, a wrestling-match, for which the hearse-driver alighted, and Idwal opened its door, prudently intending to deposit his calf within it as a place of safety. But at that instant another hand seized the hearse-door from within, and a skeleton face resembling him who presides over the vehicle, put itself forth. A spectacle so unexpected and ghastly made Idwal cover his face, and exclaim, "Nay, man, I'll not fight Death and his coachman too—In St. Gurig's name, get ye on!" The black caravan disappeared, and Idwal hastened forward with his nuptial offering, taking care to dip it in Ffynon Gurig, or the saints' well, to purify it from sorcery.

A bright May-morning assembled all the assistants of a marriage-ceremony at Llanbadarn. As ancient and peculiar custom dictates, they set forth to the habitation of Lillian's father, carrying the gifts designed to decorate her's and enrich the wedding-feast in it. Kinsmen and bridesmaids came in their best attire, led by Idwal, mounted on one of the low lean horses of Cardigan-shire, dressed in the ragged black cassock he had stolen from the parish-clerk, probably as a kind of mourning, or because it belonged to the best village poet, for, as he said, he came to give his cousin away to David Gwynne,

and to perform the part of bard at her marriage. Cambrian ceremony requires that the bride should be carried to church by her nearest relative's horse, after much solicitation in extempore verse. Idwal proffered himself gallantly as brideman, with a wreath of daisies and mistletoe in one hand and a bottle in the other, filled with water from St. Gurig's well, which ensures sovereignty to the wife if she can obtain a draught before her husband. Lillian, looking as meek and pale as the daisies in his coronet, underwent the mimicry of a forcible conveyance on her kinsman's rough palfrey and a long ride to the parish church, followed by a mirthful assemblage on horse and foot, listening to their own jests more than to the music of a harper, to whom the bride, not unmindful of the rites of hospitality even at the happiest and busiest period of her life, had given a cup of milk and a bed of clean straw when he arrived at Llanbadarn the night before. Lillian grew paler as she entered the church, for the wreath of paper-lilies which indicates the funeral of a bride was still hanging near the altar; and the chief string of the musician's harp broke as he passed the porch;—an omen of the direst import. It was not long unconfirmed—the bridegroom was absent, and could not be found. The confusion of surprise changed very soon among the spectators into hints and suspicions. Those who envied Lillian's beauty remembered that her mother was not a wife, that she had no inheritance, except, perhaps, the frailty of that mother; and both or either of these truths seemed sufficient to justify her lover's desertion. Many of the high-blooded and rigid old Welchmen swore they saw no wonder in any perfidy committed by a man who could stoop to take up a seared leaf when he might be himself the topmost branch of the tree; for David Gwynne was heir presumptive to Lillian's father, and the sage gossips in the neighbourhood decreed that her mother was justly punished for contriving to ensnare him. All declared no better fortune ought to attend a wedding-day appointed when the bride's father lay on his death-bed: and

Lillian, who had set out attended by "smiles, mouth-honour, and troops of friends," returned forlorn and disconsolate, with all the blame usually heaped on the unfortunate. Only two of the bridal procession returned with her to her home, where her miserable mother received her with clamorous and vulgar reproaches, made more bitter by her own consciousness that she had half-caused this calamity. But Idwal, who had never left Lillian's side during her journey, interposed in her favour, not by arguments but by tears, which softened even her mother, whose love for her offspring was in proportion to the fierceness of her uncultivated nature. Perhaps in this moment of cruel disappointment, Maud would have been inclined to offer the rejected bride to her first lover, if the shame and anguish in Lillian's eyes had not silenced her. And though an erring and hard-browed woman, she understood the modest and sorrowful distance observed by Idwal, who possessed, notwithstanding his dim intellects, that pride in pure blood which distinguishes Wales. Night came, while Lillian, her mother, and her kinsman, were still brooding over their affliction together, but without any interchange of thought, when old Nicol Penmawl entered, the only lawyer who found bread in the village. The poor girl would have hidden herself, but he intimated that his visit concerned her; and after a preface which even his hard heart deemed necessary, he explained, that David Gwynne would not fulfil his promise of marriage to Lillian, unless her father signed an absolute and entire deed of gift in his favour. She replied nothing, and wept in agony; while her mother burst into a furious invective against Gwynne's selfishness and treachery; adding, that he well knew how completely she might have shut him from his succession by obtaining a bequest of all to her daughter.

"That is well said, Mistress Maud," said the man of law—"but it behoves a crow to take care of his nest when a hen-sparrow has crept into it. Old Arthur Morris has great love for you, and my client must know what money

is left, and where it is. Let Lillian's father give all to her, and she may give it to her husband."

This hint was sufficiently intelligible. Maud received it with a churlish sort of smile, and Idwal with a cry of antic joy, as if in his zeal to comfort his disgraced cousin, he had forgotten that such a gift would deprive him of all share in his uncle's wealth, on which he depended for subsistence. They took Lillian, notwithstanding her tears and resistance, into another chamber, where her father lay in the heedless stupor which had hung on him many years. Maud had been a miser's concubine too long not to know when and how to be a virago. She pointed to her weeping and dishevelled daughter, accused him of barring her marriage by his avarice, and beckoning the lawyer, who had come prepared with a deed of gift in due form, urged him, with shrill and vehement entreaties, to sign it. The infirm old man, whose life and intellects were wasted to their last spark, suddenly raised himself from his matress, drew aside the long loose hair which poor Lillian had shaken over her face, and seemed endeavouring to recollect her. Then his eyes fixed themselves on her mother, whose harsh features were reddened by the light she held over the parchment she required him to sign. "Woman," said he, laying his hand on it with a quivering and convulsive grasp, "I do give thee all—all ye have come here to ask for—Thou hast shut my gate against my first-born, and driven him from my hearth—so thy own children's children shall have neither gate nor hearth, kindred nor guardians, except among wild kites and ravens. Thou hast been an adder in my house, and the wolf will come into thine." Maud trembled, and drew back; and Arthur, pointing to the meagre attorney, whom he probably mistook, in the disorder of his darkening ideas, for his presumptive heir, added, "David Gwynne, thou hast come into my land to make my child poor—see that thy own be not wanderers, and cast out. Take my land, and feed the worms in it."—The last contortion of death mingled with

the grim smile of vindictive scorn as he spoke, and his eyes stiffened before the sudden flash of ire had faded in them. He expired, and Lillian's mother after a few hysteric screams, vented her impotent grief and rage on the man of law, who skulked away from the storm, satisfied that his client might now possess the wealth he coveted without the penalty of marriage. He left the house muttering, "David Gwynne will be well quit of both these shrews. A man must live in fire who keeps a she tiger."

Maud understood this inuendo, and it roused her ready spirit of invention and enterprize to save her daughter and defeat her enemy. The deed engrossed by Penmawl lay still on old Arthur Morris's bed clenched in his hand, which had grasped it in the last pang of existence. Why should not his name be added, since that alone was wanting to give Lillian possession of her father's estate, and to punish her mercenary lover?—It was a precious and irrecoverable crisis, which her mother determined not to lose. Suddenly she remembered the vagrant harper who had begged a night's lodging among the straw in her outhouse; and calling him from his slumber, she asked if he could write his name as a witness to a trifling paper. But this man, whose eyes had something awful and preternatural in them, replied sternly, "Thy daughter gave me milk in her prosperity, and I will give her bread in her affliction. When the morning star shines, dig under this straw, and that which is sought shall be found." He departed as he spoke, and Maud, no less superstitious than corrupt, was careful to obey him. She searched secretly, and discovered a small leathern bag containing a paper, on which was distinctly written, "I give all to Lillian ap Morris." It had no witnesses, but the signature resembled old Arthur's, and she determined to assert that it was his hand-writing, as its date was the present day. His death was not announced till a late hour of the following, when the presumptive heir came, as our female Machiavel expected, to claim his inheritance, and

was tauntingly shewn the paper which consigned it wholly to Lillian,

But the farthest calculations of knavery are soon baffled, as the most cunning animals are short-sighted. Instead of proffering marriage again to his deserted bride, David Gwynne established a protest against the validity of her father's last deed. Maud and Idwal were arrested on suspicion ; but Lillian absconded with such speed and secrecy as to baffle the strict search made for her while a court of justice examined the deed, to which her mother had given all the semblance of forgery by asserting more than the truth. It was one of the thousand cases that perplex and dishonour human judgment. David Gwynne's attorney was, as I have said, the most prosperous one in Llanbadarn, perhaps because one of the most crafty, yet he could not disprove Maud's assertion that Arthur Morris had survived the moment which he thought his last, and the signature resembled his crooked and confused hand-writing. But tho' Idwal bore his examination with stubborn, and sometimes shrewd, zeal in Lillian's favour, his imperfect intellect betrayed him into hints which discovered the harper's share in the transaction. That imperfect intellect saved him from the fatal consequences of the forgery, when it seemed undeniably proved. Pardon, in consideration of her age, and other circumstances, was granted to Maud, whose sins and struggles for the advancement of her daughter ended in utter ruin. She survived only a few days, and Lillian was seen no more.

But the total disappearance of the harper, who had acted so remarkable a part in this transaction, could not be explained. All the bridal crowd at Llanbadarn had noticed his lean unearthly aspect, and none knew, or could conjecture, how he came, except the driver of the hearse I have once mentioned, who remembered that a spectre-shape in such attire had travelled some miles in his vehicle, with an air of composure which implied too intimate acquaintance with the dead. This shadowy harper, therefore, was pronounced to be the ghost or spirit of old Arthur Morris, which had visited the church

and hovered round his house before his decease, according to the usual privileges of such apparitions. But as signing wills is not among the allowed performances of shadows, this busy phantom spread deep terror among the rustics of this district, and neither the road where it had journeyed, nor the chapel where its music had been heard, were ever entered after twilight. Strange melodies were said to sound in the lonely hollow called Eorphian, or the place of the dead, near the river Rheidiol, and death-lights appeared on its banks ; from whence the simple natives concluded that Lillian had taken refuge from shame and penury under its waters. No human resident ventured to settle near them, except a creature so withered and wild in its attire that it hardly could be called female. As this creature seemed old, poor, and desolate, the few who lived in the neighbourhood called her the *Witch of Rheidiol*, or the *Water Sprite*, though she made no pretension to magic power except begging milk or bread, and paying for it only with a blessing. Either fear or charity induced the poor cottagers to be liberal in their gifts of food ; and dances no less marvellous than the black ballet-master's in Normandy, were said to be performed at midnight on the river. But these tales did not prevent a traveller from paying a visit to these unhallowed places, to see the rainbow and arrowy light often visible there at the noon of night. This traveller, whom I shall call Judge Lloyd, because that name was afterwards borne by a man who resembled him in firmness and sagacity, pursued his way between two walls of rock divided by a little stream, which suddenly leaped through a narrow rent and escaped from sight. He forced himself thro' the chasm, tempted by a light which shone far within a kind of cavern roofed with sloping rocks, and furnished with a porch composed of dwarf sycamores, whose branches were knit into a pleasant treillis. Here he stopped to reconnoitre, hearing a plaintive voice singing a remnant of ancient Cambrian poetry ascribed to Llydwarch Hen, the Bard of Arthur's court.

"Y ddeilen hon neus cynnired gwynt
Gwae hi o' hi thinged
Hi hen!"

"This leaf, is it not blown about by the wind?
Woe to it for its fate!
Alas, it is old!.....
The hall of Cyndyllan is gloomy this night,
Without a covering, without a fire.....
He is dead, and I, alas! am living.
That hearth.....will it not be covered with nettles?
Whilst its defender lived
It warmed the hearts of petitioners."

The traveller had heard these words in the best days of his youth, and he sighed at their strange concurrence with some passages of his secret history. As his curiosity was sustained and justified by a benevolent desire to discover the reputed haunts of witchcraft, and as music promises gentleness, he hazarded a step towards the threshold. But a lean hag-like figure, attired in the ragged remnant of a black silk cassock, brandished a formidable staff across his path. To the Judge's courteous question, this hideous sentinel replied, "*Nid ychwi mo mhabsanti*;" signifying, "Thou art not my patron-saint or confessor;" and added, with something like the fervent wildness of an ancient bard, "If thou comest to wound the sleeping fawn, beware lest the stag trample on thee." The intrepid Judge only answered by uncovering his face, and looking stedfastly at his opponent, who fell prostrate at his feet with a cry of terror which brought forth the inhabitants of the hut—Lillian and her child! She instantly recognized the spectre-harper, but till he had embraced her a thousand times, and recalled to her me-

mory almost as many forgotten circumstances, she did not believe or recognise her only brother, the long lost adventurer who had left his father's home in his early youth. Since her deep disgrace, she had lived in this solitude, fed and sheltered by the idiot Idwal, whose fantastic and half-feminine attire gained him the homage paid to witchcraft, and enabled him to preserve their abode from detection. Faithful to that devout affection which seemed the only unchangeable instinct of his wandering mind, and the sole occupation of his life, he had built her hut, begged her bread, and watched her steps as a doe watches her young, when all else had abandoned her to famine and despair. "My father prophecied in his anger," said Lillian, "that my child should have neither gate nor hearth, and be nestled among wild ravens: but it has found bread in their nests, and they are more merciful than the world to a sinner."—"You shall return to the world," answered the good Judge, "and find it never denies respect to modest and sincere penitence. No part of the guilt of forgery rests on your head or on Idwal's. The harper's dress was a safe disguise when I came back unexpected to a home where I had no friends; but I signed a name which belonged to me, and only gave you by that deed of gift what my father's death, I knew, had entitled me to give. The sentence shall be repealed, the avaricious heir displaced, and the world will laugh to see justice administered by a Spectre Harper."

V.

SIR ROBERT MAXWELL OF ORCHARDSTON.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following authentic particulars of the life of a Scotch gentleman of title, of the last century, so strongly reminds me of some of the adventures of the hero of a late deservedly popular novel, that I cannot resist communicating them to the public through the channel of your excellent publication:—The presumed author of *Guy Mannering* is an antiquarian, and a North

Briton, and has, therefore, probably heard the tale which I am about to relate to you from some of those old chroniclers who have furnished him with such rich and valuable materials in other instances, and as these sort of adventures are in Scotland generally preserved by tradition only, it is highly probable, that he himself might have but an imperfect recollection of the source whence he derived the original idea:—

Sir Robert Maxwell, of Orchardston, in the county of Galloway, was the descendant of an ancient Roman catholic family of the South of Scotland. He was the only child of a religious and bigoted recluse, who sent him, while yet very young, to a college of Jesuits in Flanders, for education, the paternal estate being, in the mean time, wholly managed by the boy's uncle, the brother of the devotee, to whom he resigned the guardianship of the property, in order that he might employ the remainder of his days exclusively in acts of devotion. In the family of Orchardston, as, indeed, in most great families of that day, the younger branches were but ill provided for, and looked to the inheritor of the family estate alone for the means of supporting their rank in society; the liberal professions, and the employments of trade, were still considered somewhat dishonourable; and the unfortunate junior, nursed with inflated ideas of his consequence and rank, was doomed in after life to exercise the servility, and experience the mortification of a humble dependant. In this case the culpable negligence of the father had transferred the entire management of a large estate to his younger brother, who was so delighted in the possession that he resolved to retain it to the exclusion of his nephew, the rightful heir at law. He consequently circulated a report that the boy was dead, and on the death of the old baronet, which took place about this period, he laid claim to the title and estate. In the mean time our young hero was suffering (but very reluctantly) the severe discipline of the Jesuit's college, his expenses being defrayed by occasional supplies sent him by his uncle, which were to him represented as the bounties of the college, a story which he could not discredit, as he had been placed there at an age too young to know distinctly either who he was, or whence he came; he was intelligent and docile, and was deemed of sufficient capacity to become hereafter one of their own learned body, with which view he was educated. When at the age of 16, he found the discipline and austerities of a monastic life so ill suited to his inclination, that

on a trivial dispute with the superior of his college he ran away and enlisted himself in a French marching regiment. In this situation he sustained all the hardships of hunger, long marches, and incessant alarms, and as it was in the hottest part of the war between France and England, about the year 1743, it may easily be imagined that his situation was by no means enviable. He fought as a foot-soldier at the battle of Dettingen; he was also at the battle of Fontenoy; and landed as an ensign in the French troops at Murray Frith during the rebellion of forty-five. He joined the rebels a little before the battle of Falkirk, marched with them to Derby, and retreated with them into Scotland. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and fled with a few friends to the woods of Lochaber, where he remained the greatest part of the summer of 1746, living upon the roots of trees, goats' milk, and the oatmeal and water of such peasants as he durst confide in. Knowing, however, that it would be impossible to continue this course of life in the winter, he began to devise means of effecting his return to France, perfectly unconscious that in the country where he was suffering the miseries of an outcast criminal he was entitled to the possession of an ample estate and a title. His scheme was to gain the coast of Galloway, where he hoped to get on board some smuggling vessel to the Isle of Man, and from thence to France. The hardships which he suffered in the prosecution of this plan would require a volume in their description. He crept through bye ways by night, and was forced to lie concealed among rocks and woods during the day; he was reduced almost to a state of nudity, and his food was obtained from the charity of the poorest peasants, in whom only he could confide. Of this scanty subsistence he was sometimes for days deprived; and to complete his misfortunes, he was, after having walked barefooted over rocks, briars, and unfrequented places, at length discovered, seized, and taken before a magistrate near Dumfries. As his name was Maxwell, which he did not attempt to con-

ceal, he would have suffered as a rebel, had not his commission as a French officer been found in the lining of his tattered coat, which entitled him to the treatment of a prisoner of war. This privilege, however, only extended to the preservation of his life; he was confined in a paved stone dungeon so long, that he had amused himself by giving names to each stone which composed the pavement, and which in after life he took great pleasure in repeating and pointing out to his friends. An old woman, who had been his nurse in childhood, was at this time living in Dumfries, where he was a prisoner, and having accidentally seen him, and becoming acquainted with his name, his age, &c. felt an assurance that he was the rightful Sir Robert Maxwell. The indissoluble attachment of the lower orders in Scotland to their chiefs is well known; and impelled by this feeling, this old and faithful domestic attended him with the most maternal affection, administering liberally to his distresses. After an interview of some weeks she made him acquainted with her suspicion, and begged leave to examine a mark which she remembered on his body. This proof also concurring, she became outrageous with joy, and ran about the streets, proclaiming the discovery she had made! This rumour reaching the ears of the magistrates, enquiry was made, the proofs were examined, and it soon became the general opinion that he was the son of the old baronet of Orchardston. The estate lay but a few miles from Dumfries, and the unlawful possessor being a man of considerable power and of a most vindictive disposition, most people, whatever might be their private opinion, were cautious in espousing the cause of this disinherited and distressed orphan. One gentleman, however, was found, who, to his eternal honour, took him by the hand. A Mr. Goudy procured his release from prison, took him to his

own house, clothed him agreeably to his rank, and enabled him to commence an action against his uncle. The latter was not inactive in the defence of his crime, and took every pains to prove his nephew to be an impostor. Chagrin and a consciousness of guilt however put an end to his existence before the cause came to a hearing, and Sir Robert was at length put into the peaceable possession of an estate worth upwards of two thousand pounds a year. He now began to display those qualities and abilities which had been but faintly perceptible in his former station: he discovered a generous mind, an intellect at once vigorous and refined, and manners the most elegant and polished; his society was courted by all the neighbouring gentry, and in the course of time he married a Miss Maclellan, a relation of the family of Lord Kirkcubright: with this lady he lived in the most perfect happiness for many years. He joined in the prevalent practice of farming his own estate, and built a very elegant house on an eminence overlooking the Frith. An imprudent speculation in the bank of Ayr, however, compelled him once more to abandon the seat of his ancestors. He had reserved a small pittance, on which he and his lady lived the latter part of their days. This calamity he bore as became a man familiar with misfortune, and he continued the same worthy open-hearted character that he had ever been. The reduction of his fortune served only to redouble the kindness and cordiality of his friends. He died suddenly in September 1786, whilst on the road to visit one of them—the Earl of Selkirk. He left behind him no issue, but his name is still remembered with ardent attachment.

In the confident hope that this statement will not prove entirely uninteresting to your readers, I remain, &c.

May 4, 1819.

S. N.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF MUNGO PARK.

From the Literary Gazette.

MISSION FROM CAPE COAST CASTLE TO ASHANTEE, WITH A STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THAT KINGDOM, AND GEOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF OTHER PARTS OF THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA. BY T. EDWARD BOWDICH, ESQ. CONDUCTOR. *London 1819. (CONTINUED.)*

AFTER the royal explosion and reconciliation, noticed in our last, the envoys were more kindly treated; and during the remainder of Mr. Bowdich's stay, he having superseded Mr. James, presents of gold and of provisions were constantly received from the King and the great caboceers.—But we can proceed no farther with our extracts, without interrupting their regularity and connexion, by introducing the intelligence given in this volume respecting our interesting countryman MUNGO PARK. If the accounts given to Mr. Bowdich are to be relied on, the manner of his death was very different from that which has been generally received as authentic. In either way that event was deeply to be lamented, but we fear that the softenings in the present picture are only fabulous, and invented for the sake of removing the odium of murder from his brutal spoilers and cruel assassins.

“I paid (said Mr. Bowdich) my first private visit to Baba, the chief Moor, and took some pens, paper, ink, and pencils, with me as a present; the paper and pencils were much esteemed, but he preferred his reeds and vegetable ink. He received me courteously, and was contemplating a curiously intricate figure like a horoscope; the MS. was filled with them; he laid his finger on it, and said, If you have any hard palaver, this can make me settle it for you when no other person can; or if you have any dear friend in England you wish to see, tell me the name, and this shall bring him to you. I thanked him, observing, that when Englishmen knew that their palaver was right, they always left it to God, and that England was too good a place for me to wish any one I regarded to leave it. His disciples and pupils were writing on wooden boards, like those Mr. Park describes. When a charm was applied for, one of

the oldest wrote the body of it, and gave it to Baba, who added a sort of cabalistical mark, and gave it a mysterious fold; the credulous native snatched it eagerly as it was held out to him, paid the gold, and hurried away to enclose it in the richest case he could afford. I had a long conversation with Baba, and he begged me to visit him frequently; he was much gratified with the specimens of African Arabic at the end of Mr. Jackson's work, and read them fluently. I visited him the next day, when he sent hastily for a Moor, who he told me was very learned, and just come from Timbuctoo. This man expressing no surprise when he first saw me, Baba explained it, by telling me, spontaneously, that this Moor had seen three white men before, at Boussa. I eagerly enquired the particulars of the novelty, and they were again repeated to Baba, and were thus interpreted: “that some years ago, a vessel with masts suddenly appeared on the Quolla or Niger near Boussa, with three white men, and some black. The natives, encouraged by these strange men, took off provisions for sale, were well paid and received presents besides; it seems the vessel had anchored. The next day, perceiving the vessel going on, the natives hurried after her (the Moor protested, from their anxiety to save her from some sunken rocks, with which the Quolla abounds) but the white men mistaking, and thinking they pursued for a bad purpose, deterred them. The vessel soon after struck, the men jumped into the water and tried to swim, but could not, for the current, and were drowned. He thought some of their clothes were now at Wauwaw, but he did not believe there were any books or papers.” This spontaneous narrative, so artlessly told, made a powerful impression on my mind. I saw the man frequently

afterwards, his manners were very mild, and he never asked me for the most trifling present. He drew me a chart before he went away, and I dispatched some certificates for Major Peddie by him, endorsed with Baba's recommendations. I heard exactly the same thing afterwards from another Moor, but he had not been an eye-witness. I begged Mr. Hutchinson, when I left Coomassie, to note any other report on the subject of Mr. Park's death, and he afterwards sent me the MS. a translation of which is in the appendix."

This document, in the appendix, contradicts the assertion that no offensive act was committed by the natives: there are two translations of it, and both agree in the main fact, which corroborates but too entirely the preceding statement of this enterprising traveller's fall. We insert them, as their variations are as curious as their matter is interesting.

Translations of a Manuscript descriptive of Mr. Park's death.

MR. SALAME'S TRANSLATION.

[The words in italics, so distinguished at that Gentleman's request, not being in the original.]

A literal translation of a Declaration, written in a corrupted Arabic, from the town of Yaúd in the interior of Africa.

"In the name of God the Merciful and the Munificent.

"This declaration is issued from the town called Yaúd in the Country of Kossa.—We (the writer) do witness the following case; (statement.) We never saw, nor heard of the sea (River) called Koodd; but we sat to hear (understood) the voice (report) of some persons saying, "We saw a ship, equal to her we never saw before; and the King of Yaúd had sent plenty of every kind of food, with cows and sheep; *There* were two men, one woman, two male slaves and two maids in the ship; *The* two white men *were* derived from the race (sect) of Nassrí; (Christ or Christianity.) The King of Yaúd asked them to come out to him; (to land;) and they refused coming out, (landing,) and they went to the *King of the* Country of Bassa, who is greater than the

King of Yaúd; And *while* they *were* sitting in the ship and gaining a position (rounding) over the Cape of Koodd, and *were* in society with the people of the King of Bassa, the ship reached (struck) a-head of Mountain which took (destroyed) *her* away, and the men and women of Bassa all together, with every kind of arms; (goods;) And the ship could find no way to avoid the mountain; And the man who *was* in the ship, killed his wife, and threw all his property into the Sea, (River,) and *then* they threw themselves *also* from fear: Afterwards they took one *out of the* water till the news reached the town of Kanji, the country of the King of Wawí, and the King of Wawí heard of it, he buried him in his earth, (grave,) and the other we have not seen; perhaps he is in the bottom of the water."—And God knows best. Authentic from the mouth of Sherif Abraham.—Finis."

MR. JACKSON'S TRANSLATION.

"In the name of God the Merciful and Clement.

"This Narrative proceeds from the territory in Housa called Eeauree. *We observed* an extraordinary event or circumstance, *but we neither saw nor heard of the River which is called Kude*, and as we were sitting, we heard the voice of children and *we saw a vessel* the like to which in size we never saw before; and, *we saw* the King of Eeauree send cattle and sheep, and a variety of vegetables in great abundance: and there were two men and one woman, and two slaves, and *they tied or fastened them in the vessel*.

There were also in the vessel, two white men of the race called Christians (N'sarra) and the Sultan of Eeauree called aloud to them to come out of the vessel, but they would not.

They proceeded to the country of Busa, which is greater than that of the Sultan of Eeauree, and as they were sitting in the vessel, they hung or were stopped, by the Cape or Head Land of Kude.

And the people of the Sultan of Busa called to them, and poured their arms into the vessel, and the vessel reached

the head-land or cliff, and became attached or fixed to the head of the mountain, and could not pass it. Then the men and women of Busa collected themselves hostilely together, with arms of all descriptions, when the vessel being unable to clear or pass the Cape, the man in the vessel killed his wife and threw the whole of her property into the river: they then threw themselves into the river, fear seizing them (the news of this occurrence was then conveyed to the Sultan Wawee) until it reached by water the territory of Kanjee, in the country of the Sultan Wawee, and we buried it (a male body) in its earth, and one of them, we saw not at all in the water, and God knows the truth of this report. From the mouth of the Shereef Ibrahim.—The End.”

We must not close our paper with this sad story:—on one occasion the king sent a Hio sheep to look at; it measured four feet and a half from the head to the insertion of the tail, which was two feet long; its height was three feet, and it was covered with coarse shaggy hair.

When the travellers described the freedom of English women, and their being at liberty to choose their own husbands, Mr. Bowdich says,

“The effect was truly comic, the women sidled up to wipe the dust from our shoes with their cloths, and at the end of every sentence brushed off an insect, or picked a burr from our trowsers; the husbands suppressing their dislike in a laugh, would put their hands before our mouths, declaring they did not want to hear that palaver any more, ab-

ruptly change the subject to war, and order the women to the harem.”

The Palace of this magnificent African monarch is worthy of being described: it “is an immense building of a variety of oblong courts and regular squares, the former with arcades along the one side, some of round arches symmetrically turned, having a skeleton of bamboo; the entablatures exuberantly adorned with bold fan and trellis work of Egyptian character. They have a suit of rooms over them, with small windows of wooden lattice, of intricate but regular carved work, and some have frames cased with thin gold. The squares have a large apartment on each side, open in front, with two supporting pillars, which break the view and give it all the appearance of the proscenium or front of the stage of the older Italian theatres. They are lofty and regular, and the cornices of a very bold cane work in alto relievo. A drop curtain of curiously plaited cane is suspended in front, and in each we observed chairs and stools embossed with gold, and beds of silk with scattered regalia. The most ornamented part of the palace is the residence of the women. We have passed through it once; the fronts of the apartments were closed (except two open door-ways) by pannels of curious open carving, conveying a striking resemblance at first sight to an early Gothic screen; one was entirely closed and had two curious doors of a low arch, and strengthened or battened with wood-work, carved in high relief, and painted.”

To be continued.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

RECENT VOYAGE TO THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

BY M. BIOT.

AMIDST the important political discussions by which Europe is agitated, it is gratifying to observe, that science continues her progress, slowly it is true, but with a degree of perseverance which nothing can impede or overcome. It is now nearly two centuries since the attention of learned so-

cieties was directed towards ascertaining the magnitude and form of the earth, and the power of gravity at its surface. The first measure of a degree of the terrestrial meridian was made in France in 1670. When it was deemed necessary to measure at once two arcs of the meridian, one near the equa-

tor and the other near the pole, Bouguer and Condamine were sent to America, and Maupertuis and Lemonnier proceeded to the north. Their observations proved the flatness of the earth towards the poles, but its measure remained undetermined.

Fifty years later, astronomical instruments having been brought to a higher degree of perfection, the Royal Society of London, and the Academy of Paris, determined to employ every means of obtaining an exact solution of the problem. The latter, with the view of adding an object of higher importance to their labours, proposed that the magnitude of the earth should become the basis of a system of common measures. Amidst the convulsions which agitated France, and the terrible war which bathed Europe in blood, two French astronomers, MM. Delambre and Méchain, measured the arc of the meridian which crosses France from Perpignan to Dunkirk. This was afterwards prolonged to the Balearic Isles by MM. Biot and Arrago.

Colonel Mudge had measured several degrees of the terrestrial meridian, from the south of England to the north of Scotland, and it was desirable that this operation should be combined with the one made in France, in order to give a great arc, extending from the Balearic Isles to the extremities of Iceland. Such was the object of a voyage to the Shetland Islands, undertaken by M. Biot, the successful result of which was made known by a memorial which he recently read to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. It is not our intention to follow M. Biot through his scientific operations; but the following extracts from his work, in which the wild beauties of the Shetland Islands are described with equal eloquence and truth, cannot fail to interest our readers:—

“On the 18th of July,” he says, “we landed, not far from the austral point of these islands, where the tides of the Atlantic mingling with those of the Norwegian Sea, occasion a continually tempestuous agitation. The desolate aspect of the soil corresponds with the difficulty of approaching it.

On ascending the sides of the rocks, which are broken by the waves, the eye rests on nothing but a humid desert, covered with stone and moss, and rugged hills, rent by the inclemency of heaven. There is not a tree nor a bush to soften this wild landscape, only here and there a few scattered huts, from the mossy roofs of which the smoke ascends and mingles with the external fog.”

After having described the benevolent, susceptible, and virtuous beings who inhabit these regions of rain, wind, and storm, the eloquent author adds:

“What attaches them to their home is, the peace, the profound, unalterable peace which they enjoy there. For the last twenty-five years, during which Europe has been destroying herself, the sound of a drum has not been heard at Unst, and scarcely at Lerwick. For twenty-five years the door of the house which I inhabited had remained open night and day. The numerous rocks which surround the islands, and render them accessible only in favorable weather, serve as a fleet to defend them against attacks in time of war; and what would privateers, or cruisers of any description, seek in these barren regions? Here the news of Europe is listened to with the interest with which one would read the history of the past century; it revives no recollections of personal misfortune, and awakens no animosity. If there were trees and sun in Shetland, no country could be more charming; but if there were trees and sun, it would be visited by the people of other nations, and then peace would be banished.”

We regret that our limits will not permit us to quote M. Biot's description of the hospitable manners, the social virtues, and the brotherly union of the Shetland Islanders. But we cannot forbear transcribing the following passage, in which he portrays the perils they encounter in fishing, which is their chief occupation.—

“They enter upon it with inconceivable boldness. Six men, who are good rowers, agree to occupy one boat, which is a slight canoe, entirely open: they take with them a supply of water and

oatmeal-cake and a compass, and in this frail skiff they sail out of sight of all land, to the distance of fifteen or twenty leagues. They usually spend a day and night in fishing. In fine weather, they sometimes gain about nine or ten shillings by one of these voyages; if the sky be cloudy and the sea rough, they contend against its fury in their open boat, until they recover their lines, the loss of which would prove the ruin of them and their families. They then sail back in the direction of the shore, amidst stupendous waves which rise like ridges of hills around them. The most experienced of the fishermen seats himself at the helm, and calculating on the direction of each wave, endeavours to avoid its shock, which would be sufficient to sink the boat. He at the same time directs the manœuvring of the sail, which is lowered when the boat rises on a wave, in order to moderate its descent, and hoisted when the boat descends, so that the wind may carry it along on the surface of the succeeding

wave. Sometimes, enveloped in darkness, the unfortunate fishers see nothing but the mountain of water which they seek to avoid, and of the approach of which they are only warned by the roaring of the waves.

“Meanwhile, their wives and children are stationed on the coast, imploring heaven for their safety; sometimes catching a glimpse of the boat which bears all their hopes, or fancying they see it overwhelmed by the waves—preparing to assist their husbands and fathers whenever they come near enough to the shore, or calling in frantic shrieks on those who can hear them no more. But this is not always their fate. By dint of address, labour, and courage, they often return triumphantly from the terrible conflict; the well known sound of the horn is heard: at length the boat reaches the shore; tears are succeeded by embraces, and the joy of meeting is increased by the recital of the dangers which the fishermen have escaped.”

SKETCHES OF A LATE TOUR IN FRANCE.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE distance from Dieppe to Rouen is about forty-two miles: we started at two o'clock, and were told we should reach Rouen before nine.

We were now advanced into France,—that country which afforded topics for conversation, speculation, and party rage ever since I have filled a station in society. It was Normandy also, the native province of the assuming conquerors of England, whose descendants, even to this day, are the most considerable lords of our soil, and who boast, as matter of great pride, of their Norman origin. I looked about, therefore, at the Normans at home, but I saw nothing among them to furnish food for pride, beyond what may be afforded by the peasantry of any county of England to the countries which we colonize, or the colonies which, at this day, we conquer. What could render more manifest the impertinence of the boast of ancestry than to view in these vulgar

Normans the parallel descendants from the common parents of our proudest families? That William the *illegitimate*, taking advantage of divisions among the English in regard to the succession, should invade England, and, partly by treachery, and partly by accident, gain a victory over the popular leader of the English people, is however no more a subject for just boast to these Normans, than certain exactly similar circumstances of our own times are subjects for any just boasting. In one case, as in the other, victory was ingloriously abused, even if in any case there could, or can be, the smallest pretension to ascribe glory to any circumstances of a contest which is aggressive or unjust.

The country of France is like what all England was a century ago; and like many districts even at this day. It is without hedge-rows, or any kind of enclosures. It consists of immense

* See page 334.

open fields, of which the views are terminated by rising grounds, or extensive woods. These tracts are every where subject to the plough, in various kinds of arable culture; and I never saw greater breadths or finer crops of wheat even in Cambridgeshire. Every part seemed to be in cultivation, and I beheld no wastes, commons, or heaths. The woods supply fuel, and therefore are as necessary as the ploughed tracts to the well-being of the people.

The champaign of France, from being open, does not present that variety and luxuriance of landscape which is created by hedge-rows, interspersed with the foliage of different kinds of scattered trees. These features of an English landscape confer on the country the aspect of a vast garden; besides giving it the temperature of five or ten degrees of more southern latitude, by breaking the force of the winds, and by increasing the surfaces which reflect the sun's rays. In truth the improvements, by enclosing and more complete draining, give the owner a more palpable claim to the soil, than seems to belong to the claimant of any portion of the earth's surface, in the state in which it was left by Nature, for the apparent use of all. In England, therefore, land which is improved, enclosed, drained, and, if I may use the expression, civilized, deservedly sells and lets for more than in France; and, in an article so extensive as land, adds greatly to the capital stock of the nation. If the improvements are valued only at ten pounds per acre, it adds 400,000 millions sterling to the fee-simple of England; and, before France can be in the same relative situation, it will be necessary to expend on labour and materials at least 1000 millions.

But, independently of these political considerations, as a lover of Nature, (which is no-where displayed with greater opulence than in an old hedge-row,) I could never enjoy myself in the open champaign of France. I love the retired walk by the hedge-side, the covert of the singing birds; a ramble across the beaten paths of enclosed fields from stile to stile; and, occasionally, to take my seat on one of them, and read—not

a book, but the ever-present, yet ever-varying volume of Nature; that book of Nature; that book of revelation, which requires no fallible translation, and which speak, in all languages, at once to the head and the heart. But this enjoyment cannot be felt, in the same degree, in an open country, presenting little or no variety; and which contains no pleasant enclosures, no foreground in the landscape, and few objects on which to feed the poetical enthusiasm, or eccentric movement of the mind.

The landscape of France is also defective in another feature, which to an English taste is essential to rural beauty: it has few or no detached farm-houses, or isolated houses of any kind. The population are congregated in towns and villages: the traveller beholds no house in passing from one village to another, and the eye stretches over miles without being interrupted by an habitation, or by any separate objects. In this agreeable feature, many parts even of England are deficient, and hence the writer's plan of mile-stone houses, adopted by Lord Egremont, and more worthy of adoption in France. But, in France, the snug and comfortable establishment of a farm-house, its barns and appurtenances, standing amidst land attached to them, is almost unknown. The cause of this deficiency arises from the depravity, not of the French, but of the neighbouring nations. The same security does not exist on the Continent as in an island, protected by such wooden walls as the British navy. A continental people are, or have in remote ages been, liable to be invaded by barbarous or ill-disciplined neighbours, who destroy without mercy all the helpless or unprotected. Hence an obligation to herd in villages and towns has arisen as a measure of security; and hence the deficiency of those agricultural establishments, which form such varied and enchanting objects throughout the British islands.

Nor do the villages appear to be numerous: on this road we did not pass through above four or five between Dieppe and Rouen. The first which attracted my notice was called Osman-

ville. The diligence stopped to change horses at an inn of such ancient and primitive character, that I was induced to take a view of the interior. The principal room was the kitchen, which was at least twenty-five feet high, lined with shelves to the top, and these were covered with hundreds of dishes and plates, adapted for such a feast as that of Tutbury, recorded by the bard of Robin Hood. Here a *gendarme* demanded the sight of my passport, but I suffered no other visitation of that kind during my continuance in France. Some fruit and a glass of water tended to carry off the effects of the dense clouds of dust which whirled into the end of the vehicle, and had by this time rendered me as white as a miller, and to diminish the fever caused by travelling while the thermometer stood on that day, as for several weeks, between 80° and 95° all over Europe.

This village was of some length, and contained a variety of bulky houses, some shops, and clumsy farms; but nothing merited particular notice. The hedges between the houses and around the homesteads delighted me, and I cried out to my French travellers, "*Voilà, l'Angleterre!*" They seemed, however, incredulous when I told them, that all England had the character of the vicinity of that village; and they were evidently piqued when, at subsequent times, on approaching any improved or inhabited spot, I repeated my exclamation.

I may here remark generally, that in France the exteriors of houses are neither so neat nor so well finished as in England. They want paint, and the little employed being of a dull grey colour, is deficient in effect or in contrast with the white or ochre colour of the walls. Besides, the carpentry is heavy, and often coarsely repaired. The houses of the gentry, which in England add so much to the picturesque character of the country, make in France no prominent appearance. They are few in number, and, owing to all their windows being barricaded with external Venetian shutters, of a dull grey colour, to keep out the sun, they con-

vey to an English mind the associations annexed to a mad-house. In going from Dieppe to Paris, and from Paris to Calais, above 300 miles on two roads, I did not see a dozen such villas or chateaus as England, in the same distance, would present in every varied form of architectural and picturesque beauty, to the number of at least a hundred. The cause is to be referred to the habitual fear of outrage from foreign invaders: but, whatever it may be, the deficiency of such elegant objects, of farm houses, of variegated enclosures, and of scattered foliage, renders the country of France very dull and monotonous to the eye of an English traveller.

At the same time that these provinces of France exhibit fewer instances of the social deformity of excesses of wealth, there does not appear to be such a proportionate improvement of the civilized condition of the working classes as might be expected. Nature renders it impossible for any selfish combinations to contrive to starve men to death in such a soil and climate as France; yet in artificial luxuries, society seems to have effected little for the labouring classes. If they have enough to eat and drink, they are, nevertheless, badly clothed; their tenements are going to ruins, and the interiors are devoid of comforts and conveniences. - - - I fear, Paris alone is to France, what its London, and its palaces and villas of wealth, are to England. Incomes are, in both countries, drawn by luxurious, and diseased, and morbid and wretched idleness, from happier industry, under the name of rents, interest of money, profits of speculations, or annuities from oppressive taxes. These representations of labour are not returned into general circulation with renewed energy, like as the venous blood of the animal system is returned with increased vigour through the all-pervading arteries; but the returns are made capriciously and unequally, and *are withheld and stinted in the extremities whence they were derived*. The body social becomes, therefore, languid, rickety, palsied, and mortified, just as

the body-natural would be if the circulation and vital actions were subject to the erroneous reasonings, inconsistent preferences, and selfish policy of man.

The Road itself was not merely a fine one, it was grand and noble. It had every where a breadth equal to three or four carriages, and few or no turnings. The centre was paved, but there was generally room sufficient on either side for the diligence to run. The pavement is an admirable provision for wet weather; but, to avoid the dust, the driver preferred it even at this season. In this respect the French are before us. Ours are good roads in summer, but wretched in winter; and theirs are good either for summer or winter.

There was, however, a feature of the French roads which delighted me beyond my powers of description. For

the most part they were planted, or lined on each side, with well-grown fruit-trees—all in FULL BEARING. We saw thousands of trees, any of which would, in any part of England, have been visited as curiosities. They presented to the eye the appearance of cones, or sheets of fruit, the weight of which often broke the branches, when not supported by props. These rows, consisting alternately of apples, pears, and plums, frequently extended for miles on both sides of the road without interruption; and, being planted within the bank by the road-side, and unprotected by any fence, they are of course open to the entire population. That the hedge-rows and the roads of England are not in like manner lined with productive trees, indicates a gross inattention to the wants and interests of the people.

To be continued.

From the Literary Gazette.

SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS, &c.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OUR preceding remarks have brought us to the third and last part of Mr. Campbell's Introductory Essay on British Poetry, which part commences with the era of James I. The House of Stuart were, with all their failings, distinguished for a love of literature and the arts; and even the pedantic James (as he is represented, we think with much exaggeration) was friendly to the stage and its best writers. Shakspeare received special marks of his favour, and he was the patron of Ben Jonson. Beaumont, Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, and Shirley flourished under his reign; and, with the exception of honest Ben, the romantic school of the drama not only outstripped the classical, but reached its Augustan period. Of the Poets we have designated, Mr. Campbell gives brief and accurate descriptions. The civil wars, however, put an end to this dynasty of our dramatic bards.

"Their immediate successors or contemporaries belonging to the reign of Charles I. many of whom resumed their

lyres after the Interregnum, may, in a general view, be divided into the classical and metaphysical schools. The former class, containing Denham, Waller, and Carew, upon the whole, cultivated smooth and distinct melody of numbers, correctness of imagery, and polished elegance of expression. The latter, in which Herrick and Cowley stood at the head of Donne's metaphysical followers, were generally loose or rugged in their versification, and preposterous in their metaphors. But this distinction can only be drawn in general terms; for Cowley, the prince of the metaphysicians, has bursts of natural feeling, and just thoughts in the midst of his absurdities. And Herrick, who is equally whimsical, has left some little gems of highly finished composition. On the other hand, the correct Waller is sometimes metaphysical; and ridiculous hyperboles are to be found in the elegant style of Carew."

Of Herrick, Mr. C. truly and prettily observes, that he has "passages

where the thoughts seems to dance into numbers from his very heart," ex. gr.

Gather the rose-buds while you may,
Old Time is still a flying ;
And that same flower that blooms to day
To-morrow shall be dying.

But we now come to an epoch made memorable by the name of Milton ; who stood alone and aloof above his times, the bard of immortal subjects and of immortal fame. There is an admirable critique on the *Paradise Lost*.

"In Milton," he says, "there may be traced obligations to several minor English poets ; but his genius had too great a supremacy to belong to any school. Though he acknowledged a filial reverence for Spenser as a poet, he left no Gothic irregular tracery in the design of his own great work, but gave a classical harmony of parts to its stupendous pile. It thus resembles a dome, the vastness of which is at first sight concealed by its symmetry, but which expands more and more to the eye while it is contemplated. His early poetry seems to have neither disturbed nor corrected the bad taste of his age.—Comus came into the world unacknowledged by its author, and *Lycidas* appeared at first only with his initials. These, and other exquisite pieces, composed in the happiest years of his life, at his father's country-house at Horton, were collectively published, with his name affixed to them, in 1645 ; but that precious volume, which included *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, did not (I believe) come to a second edition, till it was republished by himself at the distance of eight-and-twenty years. Almost a century elapsed before his minor works obtained their proper fame.

"Even when *Paradise Lost* appeared, though it was not neglected, it attracted no crowd of imitators, and made no visible change in the poetical practice of the age. He stood alone, and aloof above his times, the bard of immortal subjects, and, as far as there is perpetuity in language, of immortal fame. The very choice of those subjects bespoke a contempt for any species of ex-

cellence that was attainable by other men. There is something that overawes the mind in conceiving his long deliberated selection of that theme—his attempting it when his eyes were shut upon the face of nature—his dependence, we might almost say, on supernatural inspiration, and in the calm air of strength with which he opens *Paradise Lost*, beginning a mighty performance without the appearance of an effort."

"The warlike part of *Paradise Lost* was inseparable from its subject. Whether it could have been differently managed, is a problem which our reverence for Milton will scarcely permit us to state. I feel that reverence too strongly to suggest even the possibility that Milton could have improved his poem, by having thrown his angelic warfare into more remote perspective ; but it seems to me to be most sublime when it is least distinctly brought home to the imagination. What an awful effect has the dim and undefined conception of the conflict, which we gather from the opening of the first book ! There the veil of mystery is left undrawn between us and a subject, which the powers of description were inadequate to exhibit. The ministers of divine vengeance and pursuit had been recalled—the thunders had ceased

"To bellow through the vast and boundless deep," (in that line what an image of sound and space is conveyed !)—and our terrific conception of the past is deepened by its indistinctness. In optics there are some phenomena which are beautifully deceptive at a certain distance, but which lose their illusive charm on the slightest approach to them, that changes the light and position in which they are viewed. Something like this takes place in the phenomena of fancy. The array of the fallen angels in hell—the unfurling of the standard of Satan—and the march of his troops

"In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders,"—

all this human pomp and circumstance of war—is magic and overwhelming illusion. The imagination is taken by

surprise. But the noblest efforts of language are tried with very unequal effect to interest us, in the immediate and close view of the battle itself in the sixth book; and the martial demons, who charmed us in the shades of hell, lose some portion of their sublimity, when their artillery is discharged in the daylight of heaven.

"If we call diction the garb of thought, Milton, in his style, may be said to wear the costume of sovereignty. The idioms even of foreign languages contributed to adorn it. He was the most learned of poets; yet his learning interferes not with his substantial English purity. His simplicity is unimpaired by glowing ornament,—like the bush in the sacred flame, which burnt but 'was not consumed.'

"In delineating the blessed spirits Milton has exhausted all the conceivable variety that could be given to pictures of unshaded sanctity; but it is chiefly in those of the fallen angels that

his excellence is conspicuous above every thing ancient or modern. Tasso had, indeed, portrayed an infernal council, and had given the hint to our poet of ascribing the origin of pagan worship to those reprobate spirits. But how poor and squalid in comparison of the Miltonic Pandæmonium are the Scyllas, the Cyclopes, and the Chimeras of the Infernal Council of the Jerusalem! Tasso's conclave of fiends is a den of ugly incongruous monsters. The powers of Milton's hell are godlike shapes and forms. Their appearance dwarfs every other poetical conception, when we turn our dilated eyes from contemplating them. It is not their external attributes alone which expand the imagination, but their souls, which are as colossal as their stature—their '*thoughts that wander through eternity*'—the pride that burns amidst the ruins of their divine natures, and their genius, that feels with the ardour, and debates with the eloquence of heaven."

Concluded in our next.

FINE ARTS.

"THE POST-OFFICE," BY RIPPINGILL---"BURIAL OF SAUL," &c.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

FROM deference to the upper classes of Art, it has hitherto been our practice to commence with the Poetical and Historical Pictures of the public Exhibitions. We deviate from this custom for once to introduce to the regard of our readers a young Artist, who has suddenly burst upon our notice from the south---Bristol---as Mr. Wilkie did from the north---Scotland---and with a blaze of genius, that shines on the same region of Art; warms our feelings with a power equal to Mr. Wilkie's at that time. This noble, we had nearly said illustrious, stranger, does high honour to his master, Bird, the Royal Academician. He has an equally strong and very similar cast of thought and feeling for the representation of the every day emotions and transactions of his fellow-men, but especially of domestic tenderness and deep sorrow. He tells our hearts

"How Chance or hard involving Fate
O'er mortal bliss prevail."

But while he has been listening to the lessons of Art, he has learned also from Nature. This is so true, that we are confident that every one that sees his picture, 269, *The Post-Office*, will entirely agree with us. In fact, this was the case during the time,--and it was not a short time,--that we stood before it. "How natural" was the continual exclamation. But

as Mr. Rippingill possesses his tutor's excellencies, so he has his defects. He colours flesh badly. It is opaque and uncarnation. His aerial perspective is defective. There is no true retiring and advancing of objects. They are not disconnected enough in light, shade, and colour. He wants too that essential quality in composition, which agreeably separates many objects into masses. He subdivides rather too much almost all his individual objects, and especially his dresses; they want breadth, and his pencil wants lightness. But notwithstanding these errors, the work is so touching, true, and extensive in the personal character, has so much more of active genius than acquired science, and is carried so far beyond common-place, that there are not half a dozen works in the Exhibition, the possession of which we would prefer. It will be unaccountable indeed, if, with such a capital in genius and industry as is seen in this picture, its painter does not soon join those who are at the top of his class of Art. The subject is---the delivery of Letters and Newspapers at a Post-Office, and the various impressions on the minds of those who peruse them. The following are the chief incidents:---

A Gentleman, followed by his Daughter, and who has just received a letter from the Letter-deliverer, is looking at it suspiciously, seeing it impressed by a heart pierced by an arrow. His Daughter is peeping at it over

his shoulder. A pale, thin Lady is looking on the ground as she goes from the Office, with a feeble step and premature bent down form. Hope has forsaken her look, shocked as she has just been in having no letter, no tidings of the father of her little one, who (and the contrast of emotion is here most beautiful and natural) is laughing and pointing to a Mail-coach just moving off with its load; the Guard's signal-horn has excited the Child's pleasure. A number of persons are conversing about the contents of the *Times* Newspaper, which is wet, and which one of them has just been reading. In the pocket of one of the Politicians is *Cobbett's Register*. A Barber peeps at the paper during the discourse, and a Youth who waves his laurel-drest hat, is calling their attention to the driving Mail and the triumphant appearance of its passengers. Contrasted with these grave personages is a Dandy in an ecstasy at receiving by post money in notes; a Countryman and his Wife are listening to the Parish Schoolmaster who reads the letter sent to them, not being able to read it themselves, while a Boy from curiosity peeps into a letter he is carrying into his master's house. Apart from the rest, a time and way-worn Letter-carrier rests himself on a curb-stone after having emptied his letter-bag. Near to him the Post-boy is unpacking a hamper of provisions, into which a ragged starveling Boy is longingly staring. These and other suitable objects, all carefully painted, fill the canvass and the spectator's mind with every variety of circumstance that has occurred, or might naturally occur at the delivery of letters.

SPRING GARDENS EXHIBITION.

Mr. J. Varley's *Burial of Saul* is not without pathos and elevated feeling, to which the simplicity of the composition, after the manner of N. Poussin, consisting mainly of horizontal and perpendicular lines, chiefly contribute: so do also the long line of hooded and head-depressed mourners, and the leaden hue of the landscape, and the buildings tinged with the last rays of the setting sun—a noble emblem of departed power and mortal life. Will it be contended that this picture has not poetry in it?

A young woman's abashment and concern in being detected in receiving love-letters, and surprise and resentment in her parents, with a deep-felt display of all the strengths of light and shade and tints of colour, tempt to a lengthened looking at of 89, *The Discovery*, by Mr. F.P. Stephanoff.

There is a fascination in Mr. Robson's Landscapes that arises from the warm and soft hues and serenity of atmosphere, but we should be glad to see more variety of feeling in his works. His soft hues would be more pleasing, if he disturbed them with a little sharpness of outline, and distinctness of object. His pictures mostly seem as if looked at through a gauze at the scenes, and his colouring has a certain bloom, which is not in Nature. His pictures are as if they were made of coloured wool. They resemble the too blending keys of a piano-forte that has no sharpness. They are rich in tone, but ineffective. It is not precisely in nature that we see that ordered arrangement of parts, that bloom of colour, and softness of tone, which render Mr. Robson's pictures mannered, but which are however enough mixed up with what is natural in near and distant scenery, to stop as we advance round the room with no ordinary charm.

We are very agreeably affected by 71, *Evening—Storm clearing off*, where the golden glows of an evening sun are lighting up the sky, surcharged with retiring clouds, over a watered landscape, and tenderly tinting its sedateness, like an interesting face in sorrow and tears, enlivened by the glimmerings of hope. We should like Miss Goldsmith's freely pencilled Landscapes better, if they had more finishing. They have a chaste and sparkling harmony of colour, and a general look of Nature. She proposes to publish etchings of her four *Views of Claremont*. They have a bright relief from her light floating clouds.

In moonlight, all objects on land are completely neutralized. They have no colour, but are merely chiaro-scuro. Excepting a little of this, Mr. B. Barker's *Moonlight*, 100, is beautiful, laces the clouds with silver, and, as our Shakspeare says, "sleeps upon the bank."—*Exam.* May 1819.

THE PHILANTHROPIC MR. MOMPESSON.

Extracted from the Eclectic Review, June 1819.

Peak Scenery; or, Excursions in Derbyshire: made chiefly for the purpose of Picturesque Observation. By E. Rhodes. Part First. 4to. with engravings.

THERE is a considerably pleasing variety of topographical notices intermixed with the local history, biography, and anecdotes of this new work. But no other portion could, by the nature of the case, possess so strong an interest as

the account of the desolation of the village of Eyam, in 1666, by the plague, brought thither from London by means of a box of clothes. The inhabitants were about 330, of whom 259 died within a few weeks. The melancholy scene is illuminated by the admirable and affecting conduct of the clergyman, Mr. Mompesson, and his wife, who benevolently and courageously remained on the spot, the latter to fall a victim to

her inflexible determination not to separate from her companion in the hour of peril; the former survived 40 years. A noble example of Christian heroism is presented in the calm and devout resolution with which, from the first, he virtually surrendered himself to death, which he avows, in a letter here given, that he had not the slightest expectation of escaping, in order that he might, during a short precarious term, render some little aid and consolation to his terrified, and sickening, and dying friends and neighbours. By the pure force of his character, he acquired a complete ascendancy over them, so that every suggested regulation and interdict was submitted to with implicit deference. He was thus enabled under Providence, to prevent the communication of the contagion to the surrounding country; for, by the influence of persuasion and example he restrained the people from quitting the village, and drew round it a boundary line, which appears to have consequently been felt as impassable as if it had been a deep moat or chasm. He preached frequently, in the open air, in a secluded hollow, from a position on a rock, still remaining and celebrated, to an auditory whose every meeting and separation must have had the solemnity of a perfect assurance that they should never all assemble again, while the leader of their worship pronounced the valediction in each instance as probably for the last time. It is difficult to conceive a more solemn and affecting, or, to prepared spirits, a more sublime situation.

We presume the pleasing descriptions given in this work, of the open day-light beauty or gloominess of the vicinity of the Peak, will be followed, in the sequel of the work, by an ample view of the contrasted phenomena of the regions under-ground. There is indeed a little unfolding of them already, in the curious account of the formidable exploding mineral, named Slickenside, and in that of a religious miner, who

was four days imprisoned in darkness, suffering, and extreme peril. We shall conclude our notice of this very elegant performance, by transcribing this relation, just remarking on the last sentence of it, that the term 'Hero' is not, in the usage of our language, of such restricted and specific meaning, as to authorise the refusal to this man of the honour of the denomination.

'At Hucklow, in the winter of 1815, a man of the name of Frost, who was engaged in one of the mines, had a miraculous escape from a very perilous situation, in which he was involved by the falling in of the earth where he was at work. His voice was heard from beneath the ground in which he was entombed, and it was ascertained that his head and body were unhurt, the principal weight having fallen upon and bruised his legs and thighs. Great care was required to accomplish his release, and some of the most experienced miners were employed. A mass of earth was strangely, and almost miraculously suspended over his head, where it hung like an avalanche, ready at the slightest touch to crush him to pieces with its fall. The miners, aware that his situation was one of infinite peril, durst not attempt the attainment of their object by the most direct and expeditious means; slower operations were in their opinion essential, even though they dreaded the consequences that might attend their more protracted efforts. Had that impetuosity of feeling, which, however honourable to our nature, sometimes defeats its most benevolent purposes, been alone consulted on this occasion, the poor man must have inevitably perished. They therefore proceeded with great caution and the most unwearied perseverance, from Monday, the day on which the accident took place, until the evening of the following Thursday, when they had the satisfaction of witnessing the complete success of their exertions, and the restoration of a fellow-creature to his family and the world. The man was extricated from his dreadful situation, with only a few slight bruises and a broken leg, after a temporary burial of upwards of 75 hours. A drop of water that fell near his head, and which he contrived to catch in the hollow of his hand, allayed his thirst, which otherwise would probably have become excessive; this fortunate occurrence no doubt contributed to the preservation of his existence. He was a Wesleyan Methodist; and his strong religious feelings supplied him with fortitude. Neither pain nor apprehension destroyed his composure, and he employed many of the hours of his premature interment, in singing those psalms and hymns with which he was previously acquainted. Under other circumstances this man would have been a hero.'

From the Monthly Magazine.

ANTHOLOGIE FRANCAISE.

No. I.

MORAL CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

DIDEROT.

IT is especially when under the influence of the passion of love, or of jealousy ; in the transports of maternal tenderness ; when under the sway of superstition ; and in the manner in which they partake of popular emotions ; that women excite our astonishment and admiration,—beautiful as the seraphim of Klopstock, terrible as the demons of Milton. The distractions of a busy and contentious life, interrupt and repress the passions of men : but a woman broods in silence and retirement over those which occupy her mind. It is a fixed point, on which her idle life, or the trifling nature of her occupations, tends to keep her view incessantly attached. This point extends itself without bounds ; and, to plunge into madness the woman under the influence of an intense emotion, it is only necessary that she attain the solitude she seeks. A man never sat at Delphi on the sacred tripod : a woman alone could deliver the Pythian oracle. The mind of a woman alone could raise itself to such a point as seriously to perceive the approach of a god ; and, with raised and dishevelled hair, and panting with emotion, to cry, *I perceive him—I perceive him—there—the god !* and then to utter appropriate terms.

It was St. Theresa who said of demons, *Let them be wretched !—they do not love !*—Quietism is hypocrisy in perverse man, and true religion in the tender woman. There was, however, a man of such virtue, and of such rare simplicity of character, that an amiable woman could without fear, forget herself by his side, and pour out her effusions of love for God ; but this man was without an example, and his name was Fenelon. It was a woman that walked, barefooted, in the streets of Alexandria, with dishevelled hair, a torch in one hand, and a vessel of water in the other, and who cried,—*I will*

burn the heavens with this torch, and extinguish hell with this water, that man may love his God for himself alone. This is a part not to be acted but by a woman.

But this impetuous imagination, this spirit, that would be thought to be incoercible, a word is sufficient to depress them. A physician said to the women of Bourdeaux, who were tormented with vaporous affections, that they were menaced with a dreadful convulsive disease : immediately they became cured. A physician exposed the burning iron to the eyes of a troop of epileptic young girls ; and they were immediately cured.

But let us consider woman in the ordinary state of life. The moment is arrived that is to deliver her from the despotism of her parents ; her imagination views in the future a state full of delightful chimeras ; her heart throbs with secret joy. Enjoy thyself while thou canst, unhappy creature ! Time would have gradually lessened the tyranny which you endured : time will unceasingly increase the tyranny to which you are about to be submitted.

In almost all countries, have cruel civil laws been united with the severe laws of nature against women. They have been treated like imbecile children. There is no sort of vexation which, amongst polished people, has not been exercised towards women with impunity by man. The only reprisal she can take is followed by domestic trouble, and punished by more or less of marked contempt, according as the manners of the nation have more or less diverged from justice and virtue. There is no sort of vexation, which the savage does not exercise towards his female companion. Woman is unhappy in our cities, but more unhappy still in the wilds and the forest.

Women ! how sincerely I lament with you. There was but one way to make amends for all your evils ; and,

had I been a law-giver, this, perhaps, you would have obtained. Freed from all servitude, you should have been sacred wherever you appeared.

When we write of woman, our pen should be dipped in the rainbow, and the dust of the wings of the butterfly should be thrown over the lines : like the little dog of the pilgrim, we should, at each step, let pearls fall before our feet : But, where is this beheld ?

A few words should be said on the influence of the society of women on men of letters. We readily perceive how much time was spent by Rousseau and Marmontel in their sweet and rap-turous company. They can teach us to give to the most dry and intricate subjects, a degree of interest and elucidation that, without them, we should seek in vain. We incessantly address ourselves to them ; we wish to be heard by them ; we fear to fatigue or to weary them ; and we, therefore, acquire a peculiar facility of expression, which passes from conversation to our writings. When they have genius, I believe the character of it to be more original in them than in men.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

MONTAIGNE.

Why should we fear to lose that, which, being lost, cannot be regretted ? And, since we are menaced by death under so many forms, is it not a greater evil to fear them all, than to suffer one of them ? Of what importance is it when it happens, since it is inevitable ? When Socrates was informed that the thirty tyrants had condemned him to death, he replied, "*And Nature them.*" What folly it is to torment ourselves respecting the instant that is to relieve us from all our afflictions. It is equal weakness to lament that we shall not live a hundred years to come, as it is to lament that we did not exist a hundred years since. A long life, and a short life, are rendered equal by death ; for the long and the short do not appertain to what does not exist. Aristotle relates, that there are little animals on the river Hypanis, that live but one day : that which dies at the hour of eight in

the morning, dies in its youth ; that which dies at five in the evening, dies in the decrepitude of old age. Which of us would not think it ridiculous that happiness or unhappiness of such short duration should be considered as a matter of any importance ? The longest and the shortest in the life of man, when compared with eternity, or with the duration of planets, mountains, rivers, trees, or even with that of some animals, is not less ridiculous.

Nature commands it. "Leave (she says) this world as you entered into it : the same passage which you made from death to life, without emotion and without fear, will lead again from life to death. Your death is one of the parts of the order of the universe : it is a part of the life of the world. Shall I change for you this beautiful structure of things ? It is the condition of your creation : it is a part of you,—is death : in endeavouring to fly from it, you avoid yourself. Death touches much more rudely, and more essentially, the dying, than the dead. If you have profited by life, you have been well repaid for it ; leave it, then, satisfied. If you have not known how to employ it ; if it has been useless to you ; why should the loss of it trouble you ? What do you wish with it again ?

Life in itself is neither a good nor an evil : it is the place of good and evil, according to the mode in which it is employed ; and, if you have lived one day, you have lived wholly : one day is like every day. There is no other light,—no other night. This sun, this moon, these stars, this disposition of things,—is the same that your grandfathers have enjoyed, and the same which will be contemplated by your latest descendants. And, to state the worst, the distribution and acts of my comedy are exhibited within a single year. If you have contemplated the changing of the four seasons, you will find that they embrace the infancy, the adolescence, the manhood, and the old age, of the world. It has played its part : it knows no other trick, but to recommence ; and it will for ever be the same.

Give place to others, as others have to you. Equality is the first principle of equity. Who can complain at being included in what all are included? You will continue to live in vain: you will not shorten the time which you have to pass in death: it is as nothing. You will be as long in that state, as if you had died in your infancy.

Death is less to be feared than nothing,—if there were any thing less than nothing. It does not concern you, either dead or alive: alive, because you are; dead, because you are no more.

The utility of living is not in the space of life, but in the usage that is made of it. He may have lived long, whose life has been of short duration. Attend to it, while you enjoy it: it depends on your will, not on the number of years, whether or not you have had enough of life. Do you think that you will never arrive where you are incessantly going? There is no road that has not a termination; and, if company can solace you, does not the world itself take the same course with you? Thousands of men, thousands of animals, and other creatures, die in the same instant as that in which you die. You have seen many who have arduously sought death;—being thereby relieved from great miseries. But you have never seen one that has found it an evil. It is a great instance of simplicity, to con-

demn a thing which you have no knowledge of, either from your own experience, or that of others. Why do you complain of me, and of destiny? Have we injured you? Should you govern us, or we you?

Chiron refused immortality when he was informed of its conditions, even by the god of time and of duration, Saturn, his father. Imagine, indeed, how much less endurable, and more grievous, would eternal life be to man, than that which I have given to him. If you could not die, you would curse me incessantly for having deprived you of the power of death. I have from the first mingled somewhat of bitterness with life, in order to prevent you, considering the pleasures that may thence be derived, from embracing it with too much avidity, and want of discretion. In order to lead you to assume this degree of moderation, neither to fly from life, nor to rush to death, which I demand of you, I have tempered them both with sweetness and with bitterness. The water, the earth, the air, and fire, and the other parts of this my structure, are not more my instruments of life than of death. Why do you fear your last day? It does not contribute more to your death than each of the preceding. Every day has conducted you towards death: on the last you have thers arrived." Such are the good instructions of Nature.

SPOTTED FEVER OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE, MAINE, &c.

From the London Medical and Physical Journal, 1819.

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF AN EPIDEMIC FEVER, COMMONLY CALLED SPOTTED FEVER, WHICH PREVAILED AT GARDINER, MAINE, (*in the United States,*) IN THE SPRING OF 1814; BY E. HALE, JUN. M. D. M.N.S.S. Wells & Lilly, Boston; Souter, London. 1818.

THOSE who have witnessed the progress of a desolating epidemic disease, especially one of a novel character, or of which the origin is unknown, can alone correctly appreciate the value of faithful histories of that class of maladies, and feel of what importance it is that none of them should be suffered to pass unnoticed in the annals of medicine. Without such histories, the

physician knows that he must see many persons fall victims to their influence, who might have been saved had he possessed the results of the experience of others under similar circumstances; and, although the judicious practitioner may soon discover the means best adapted for their relief, yet he cannot with equal precision ascertain the essential cause of their production, and thence determine efficient prophylactic measures, during the consternation attendant on the ravages. This knowledge, in the greater proportion of cases, can only be acquired from the consideration of

their phenomenna, as evinced in different countries, climates, seasons, and under various modes of social intercourse : and even with this information, we have been enabled to determine it only in a very few instances. The essential cause of the greater part of them is not better known at the present time than at the earliest period of which we have any historical record : we still assign to most epidemic diseases the same origin that Homer did to that which afflicted the Grecian army, encamped on the sea-coast, at the siege of Troy,—the influence of the rays of an ardent sun on a marshy soil.—

It appears probable that some ages will elapse before the primary cause of the epidemic maladies with which we are already acquainted, can be decidedly ascertained. To illustrate the truth of this remark, we need only to refer to the yellow fever. Although we possess histories of that disease, by men of considerable talents, from the year 1741 (when it appeared in Virginia) up to the present period, during which interval it committed continual ravages throughout the greater part of the globe, still there exist different opinions respecting its origin among men of extensive experience and of the highest repute for the possession of professional knowledge.

Whilst then, as Homer expresses it, the effective agents of epidemic diseases take their course in the shades of night, we must collect with assiduity whatever appears to be connected with their development : we may thus supply to future generations the means for acquiring that knowledge which we ourselves have not been able to obtain.

The subject of the work of Dr. Hale will be contemplated with sensations of particular interest in this country ; for, although that disease may have occurred only in a remote quarter of the world, and appears to have totally ceased to exist, yet, the similarity of the climate, in many parts where it appeared, to that of our island ; the identity of the race of the greater proportion of the subjects of it with that of the English people ; and some analogy that appears to exist

between it and maladies which at different times have ravaged our own country, (as far as the imperfect accounts we have of them will enable us to judge,) give rise to reflections that show the forcible claims it has on our attention.

Our object, then, in taking up the work of Dr. Hale, is to point out what will complete the history of the spotted fever of North America up to the last epoch of its appearance, and to show its character under different circumstances of topical situation and habits and conditions of those who were the subjects of its influence. We have already fully described it as it existed in the years 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813 ; and have, therefore, only to point out such useful additions to our knowledge respecting it as are supplied to us by Dr. Hale.

The author, in a Preface, observes that

Several treatises upon the spotted fever have already been published in this country : but, as their object has been to give such an account of it as would apply to its general character as it appeared in different places, they could not, of course, take notice of many of the modifications which it acquired from various local circumstances. It has been my object, in this volume, to give a more *clinical* view of the disease ; to exhibit it in its varieties, as it appeared to the physician at the bedside of his patient ; rather than to seek its place in a regular system.

That this has been well effected by the author is evident from the marks of acuteness and precision of observation, and comprehensive and judicious views, that are manifest throughout the work ; which must, from these circumstances alone, prove highly valuable to the practitioner, should the subject of it recur at any future period.

Dr. Hale commences with a topographical description of the scene where the spotted fever occurred to his observation ; he next describes the habits and manners of the inhabitants, the diseases generally prevalent among them, especially those with which they were affected for a short time before the existence of the epidemic, of the origin and progress of which he then proceeds to give a particular and general history.

The face of the country throughout the district of Maine is for the most

part hilly, though rarely mountainous; the valleys between which extend only a short distance, soon rising to the elevation of the surrounding country, which is much higher than the elevation of the rivers, with which the whole of this district is well supplied. The parts of it extending to the sea-coast are generally rocky, and apparently barren. The interior is for the most part abundantly fruitful; the soil of which is in some few places sandy, more frequently clayey, and still more extensively loamy. The towns have been all recently settled, very few of them being more than forty years old, and most of them still more modern: of course, extensive forests prevail in every part of the district. The climate varies in temperature from a range of the thermometer, of from several degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, to 80 or 90 above it; but it is much less subject to frequent and violent changes of temperature than the more southern parts of the country. The winter is long, and the transition from that to summer is rather sudden. Rains, which are rare in winter, are generally sufficiently abundant in summer. Violent winds are exceedingly uncommon, and in cold weather never occur. "Nothing can exceed the serenity, transparency, and brilliancy, of a cold winter's evening on the Kennebeck." The town of Gardiner is situated on the west side of the river Kennebeck, about forty miles from its mouth, in north latitude $44^{\circ} 14'$, and west longitude $69^{\circ} 44'$. The inhabitants are generally farmers; and many of them, having been long accustomed to obtain their support from the produce of the forest, are hardly reclaimed from the irregular and improvident, though hardy, habits, to which their mode of life had formerly subjected them.

From the preceding observations (observes Dr. Hale) it will naturally be inferred that the diseases to which they are most subject are those of an inflammatory kind. This may be true in general, although, during the time I resided in Gardiner, it was only to a very limited extent in that place and its vicinity. Rheumatisms, especially chronic rheumatisms, were very common; but, excepting these, diseases of inflammation were exceedingly rare, and in those which occur-

red there was such a tendency to prostration of strength, that much caution was necessary in the use of depleting remedies. Almost all cases of fever, which I saw, partook more or less of the character of that described in this treatise.

After some judicious reflections on the importance of attending to the state of the atmosphere, &c. as connected with prevalent diseases, which our limits will not permit us to notice; and a detail of the cases that occurred in his practice immediately previous to the appearance of the epidemic, which we pass over as not furnishing any apparent data at all connected with it; the author enters into the history of the spotted fever.

At the commencement of the year 1814, there was nothing at Gardiner to indicate the approach of the epidemic that was to follow, unless it was its prevalence in some towns in the vicinity. The year preceding had been abundantly fruitful. The autumn and first part of the winter was drier than usual, but not so much so as to produce a drought of any importance. The winter was a pleasant one, without any unusual physical occurrence to distinguish it from others in that climate.

Early in the autumn of 1813, we began to receive accounts of a destructive epidemic in many towns not far distant. As the winter advanced, the accounts became more and more threatening as the disease approached nearer to us. It was frequently fatal, and the character which it acquired by report did not diminish its terrors. The first case in Gardiner, to which I was called, was on the 11th of February. The patient had been several days ill, but not so sick as to call in a physician till this time. The case proved to be a severe one, but eventually terminated in recovery. It was nearly a fortnight before any other cases of the fever occurred. Towards the last of February, however, several attacks followed each other in such quick succession as to produce a considerable alarm: some of these were in the family and immediate neighbourhood of the person first seized; others were at a distance, and had had no communication whatever with the sick.

Throughout the month of March the epidemic extended itself rapidly in all directions. In some of the families, where it first made its appearance, almost every person was seized by it; in others, only one or two were at any time materially affected: in some cases it seemed to spread progressively from house to house, as if communicated from one person to another; at the same time that in others it suddenly made its appearance in distant neighbourhoods, seizing sometimes two or three persons in a family, nearly at once. All classes of people and all ages seemed alike exposed to its attack.

Towards the end of this month the epidemic was more prevalent than at any other period; within a small circuit, more than fifty were confined with it at the same time; many others, who were not reckoned among

the sick, were slightly affected by similar complaints; so that the sick and the invalids included a very large proportion of the population.

Early in the month of April the progress of the epidemic began to abate, and it continued to diminish throughout that month, especially in the parts of the town in which it had previously raged. About the 20th, I was called to a considerable number of cases in Pittston, on the east side of the Kennebeck river; as well as to several new cases in Gardiner.

Throughout the month of May, also, a considerable number of cases occurred; but they grew less and less frequent until the close of the month. The epidemic may be said to have terminated its course in Gardiner within this month. In each of the three following months, of June, July, and August, I did not see more than two or three cases of any kind.

During the whole period of the epidemic, sores of different kinds were unusually prevalent, as well as for some time after its termination. The most frequent of these was a species of boil, somewhat resembling a carbuncle, which was very common with the convalescent, as well as with those who had not been affected with a general fever. It was a very painful tumor, which, in the course of two or three days from its commencement, ulcerated, and cast off a gangrenous slough. They were not often so severe as to require any other medical treatment than an emollient poultice, except when they were merely symptoms of a more important disease. The whitlow was also unusually prevalent at this time. Headaches and other slight symptoms of fever were almost universal. Hardly a person could be found in the village of Gardiner, or its immediate vicinity, who had not, in the course of three sickly months, been the subject of an affection more or less severe, which was similar in its character to the more important cases of fever. Most of these, perhaps, would hardly have been noticed at any other time; but they deserve to be mentioned as examples of the strong and universal tendency to a particular disease, which prevailed at that period.

It was observable that the epidemic, throughout its whole course, was remarkably affected by the state of the weather, and especially by any sudden change in its temperature. This was true, not only in respect to the effect on individual cases, but also as applicable to the epidemic as such. A few days of unusual cold seemed to render all the existing cases more severe, and at the same time produced a greater number of new attacks; while, on the contrary, a change from cold to milder weather produced a corresponding effect, in mitigating the symptoms and lessening the ravages of the disease.

We shall pass over the description of the symptoms and progress of the disease, as these did not materially differ from them as related in former parts of our Journal, and our limits will not permit us to copy at length the numerous traits of acute discrimination, on which the peculiar excellence of the present work depends.

It is much to be regretted that Dr. Hale had not opportunities to make examinations of its subjects after death. As far as they were carried on former occasions, it would appear that cerebral, and sometimes pulmonary, congestion, occurred to an extraordinary degree, in the first instance; and that the patients frequently fell victims to the immediate consequences of compression of the brain, before disorganization of any part from inflammation had commenced. In those who survived the attack a few days, the consequences either of inflammation of the brain or of the serous membranes of the pectoral and abdominal cavities, were constantly observed. The state of the mucous membranes is not noticed; and probably they were not accurately examined, for it is but rarely that they are sufficiently attended to in *post mortem* dissections. The greater proportion of those who fell victims to it died before the inflammation could, according to the general operations of the animal economy, extend to those parts; and, consequently, before febrile re-action took place. We, nevertheless, consider extreme excitement of the brain as the immediate cause of the disease, although this does not concur with the ideas of the author; and our opinion on this point is not shaken by the results of the remedial measures that were considered by Dr. Hale to have been most efficacious,—which were chiefly emetics, the pediluvium, diaphoretics, and active stimulants. These, it is obvious, would act as counter-irritants, and might be productive of benefit, when employed before general febrile re-action commenced; although we consider the use of them as somewhat hazardous.

The first and leading object (observes the author,) always was to restore, and continue in force, the functions of the skin. The second, which was hardly less important, was to support the strength of the patient. The remainder of the cure was effected by removing the great variety of occasional symptoms which occurred. The means for accomplishing the two first objects were pretty uniformly the same in the several cases; but, for the last, the whole materia medica presented a field hardly enough variegated for the complicated and perpetually changing evils to be removed.

At the beginning of the epidemic season, I pretty generally commenced the treatment

by administering an emetic; but not finding, in most cases, the benefit from its operation which I had anticipated, I soon omitted it, except in cases where there had been symptoms of a derangement of the functions of the stomach previously to the attack of fever. In these cases, an emetic at the commencement of the disease was of very great service, and sometimes entirely arrested its progress.

Before the emetic was given, however, the patient was put into bed, and pretty commonly had made use of the warm pediluvium.

Powerful diaphoretics were then given; and he continues to observe—

If the limbs were cold or numb, or subject to pain, directions were given that they should be diligently rubbed, either with the naked hand or with flannel, either dry or moistened with oil or with some stimulating liquid,—such as vinegar or alcohol, and sometimes with a solution of cantharides.

In this manner the cure was always begun; and, in cases in which the strength was not particularly depressed, very little else was prescribed at the first visit, except an anodyne at bed-time. In the first part of the season particularly, when the pulse was often considerably full and strong, and especially if there were symptoms of a pneumonic affection, I waited until these symptoms had somewhat remitted before I began to administer the tonic remedies, which held a conspicuous place in the general plan of treatment. But when, as in a great proportion of cases, the strength was low from the first, or if it had become so by the continuance of the disease, it was necessary, in addition to the treatment already described, to take vigorous measures to prevent it from sinking altogether: for this purpose small quantities of brandy were occasionally given in drinks already mentioned, a diet as nutritive as the patient could take was recommended, and a variety of medicinal tonics prescribed.

When symptoms of faintness or torpor appeared, at whatever period of the disease it might be, the diffusible stimuli were diligently administered. The aromatic spirits and volatile oils, in all their variety, were given in small doses frequently repeated.

These measures were successful in byfar the greater proportion of instances; and, therefore, it would be vain to adduce theoretical opinions against the remarks contained in the following paragraph:—

I mention venesection (says Dr. Hale,) among the remedies for this disease, although I did not employ it myself, nor see any case in which it had been employed; because it has generally been considered a powerful remedy, and because it gives me an opportunity to say that I have had no experience of its efficacy. I was deterred from practising it by the great tendency to debility which I witnessed in the disease, as well as by the reports which I had heard of the disastrous effects which were said to have followed its use in other places. The foundation of these reports, or the accuracy with which they were related, it does not come within my plan to examine here.

Should, however, a similar disease appear in our milder climate, and amongst its more plethoric inhabitants, we should advise the pediluvium to restore some degree of reaction in the extremities, if torpor to the extent that occurred in the epidemic under consideration should take place; and then that blood-letting should be used with freedom, without being alarmed by the debility, languor, stupor, coma, or “exhaustion of the vital powers;” for we consider these symptoms to have arisen from compression of the brain, and the abstraction of the natural excitement of the body in general, consequent on the great irritation of that organ. Under some circumstances, such measures, however, as will cause diffusion of an equable excitement may, doubtless, be the most prompt and efficient means of relief: and such would appear to have been the case in those witnessed by Dr. Hale.

Our opinions on this subject are supported by those of the committee formed at Massachusetts, in the year 1810, when a similar disease was epidemic in various parts of New England; as the measures we have pointed out coincide with those inculcated by the enlightened members of that committee.

We must refer our readers to the author himself for his observations on the remedial treatment which he considered best appropriate to this disease, and for the cases which he relates to illustrate the efficacy of that which he employed.

The work concludes with some general remarks on the nature of the disease, and the peculiar character it has assumed under different circumstances of temperature of climate, topographical situation, and the habits of those who were the subjects of its influence. But the same reasons we gave for not entering into the particular consideration of its symptoms, as it occurred to the observation of Dr. Hale, will equally apply to the points to which we have just alluded. We cannot, however, with propriety, dismiss this work without remarking that it will constitute a valuable clinical guide to the medical practitioner who may be called to witness the

recurrence of the epidemic ; and it merits a place in every medical library, as a perspicuous and accurate history of a malady, which, under the name of the spotted fever, has inspired a dread throughout the United States that will scarcely be forgotten so long as memory or tradition shall continue to exist.

POPE'S ABELARD AND ELOISA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

TO preserve the memory of the good and the great, and truly to display their merits, is a sacred duty incumbent on the living ; while, on the contrary, wantonly to tarnish their character, must be deemed in the highest degree base, and, indeed, a species of impiety. The vindication of the celebrated *Eloisa*, inserted in your last Magazine, must therefore be viewed with pleasure by every generous mind ; and the more so, as it appears to be of a decisive nature, not resting on plausible or ingenious arguments, but on certain and incontrovertible proofs. It is truly painful to reflect, that *Abelard* and *Eloisa*, whose fine accomplishments shed a lustre on the dark age in which they lived, after having endured so much persecution and misfortune in their life-time, should now be doomed to perpetual infamy in the classic pages of Pope. Their amours, which only a severe casuist will be much disposed to blame, and which are characterized by a degree of purity and elevation as well as ardor, scarcely to be equalled in the fictions of romance, are there painted, as your correspondent has shewn, in the vulgar colours of mere sensuality and libidinousness. It is at all times the province of poetry, not to vilify, surely, but to refine and adorn whatever it touches. In the present instance, just materials might have been found, without the aid of poetical embellishment, to have placed in the most favourable point of view the actions of these memorable lovers : but from an attentive perusal of their letters, I find the assertion of "W. N." to be perfectly just, that their real sentiments are not only different, but directly opposite to those ascribed to them by the poet.

Such singularly corrupt and flagi-

tious conduct, it must be allowed to be highly proper to mark with particular reprobation. Pope is justly esteemed one of our first-rate classics, and his works are read by all who aspire to elegance of taste. His *Eloisa*, in particular, is praised without reserve by all the critics ; and being intermixed with many beautiful and sublime sentiments, its insidious and inflammatory descriptions are much more dangerous than the undisguised obscenity of other writings. A poet, on the whole, so dignified and philosophical, it is evident, must spread the contagion of his immorality into a wider circle than such writers as Rochester, Vanburgh, Congreve, or Farquhar, who, on account of their notorious grossness, have fallen into a kind of general proscription and partial oblivion. The great Dryden, also, must unhappily be ranked among this licentious and detested crew. We learn, in Mr. Scott's Life of this poet, that his personal conduct was decent and correct ; but that, in order to gratify the predominant taste of his age, he was obliged to season with obscenity his dramatic writings. But Pope being in easy circumstances was under no such necessity. No excuse, however, can be admitted for any writer, in whatever circumstances he may be, who, instead of instructing, exerts his intellectual faculties for the purpose of degrading and debauching his readers. "How odious," says a profound philosopher of the last age, "ought those writers to be, who have spread infection through their native country ; employing the talents which they have received from their Maker most traiterously against himself, by endeavouring to corrupt and disfigure his creatures. If the comedies of Congreve did not rack him with remorse in his last moments, he must have been lost to all

sense of virtue."—*Elements of Criticism*.

It is worthy of observation, that the famous Peter Pindar attempts to defend himself in his various improprieties from the authority and example of Pope. In the following passage, alluding to his gross misrepresentations of Eloisa's sentiments, he holds himself altogether justifiable in his indelicacies, when a poet of so much moral pretension, has, as he thinks, even exceeded him in this respect. It is to be lamented when immorality happens to be embellished by genius, to which, it must be confessed, this writer has undoubted claims. In the midst of all his ludicrousness and vulgarity, noble bursts of true poetic fire often appear; and I am not sure but that he has made as great an impression on the public as any of his numerous cotemporary poets; and has as good a chance as any of them to descend to future times. He is the inventor of a new species of humour; and on all subjects, whether high or low, is eminently original. The metaphorical allusion to Etna, for instance, in these justificatory lines, to which I refer, is particularly bold and striking:—

Miss Heloise, that warm young lass, I ween,
Says things that cover modesty with shame :
I must confess I never saw nineteen
Pour such an Etna forth of amorous flame.
Were Peter now to sing in such a style,
What lady-mouth would yield the bard a smile?
No !—frowns would fill their faces in its stead.
And yet—
I see no lips with blushing anger ope,
And cry, " I loathe the nasty leaves of Pope."

Thus we see that Pope is reprehensible, not only for his glaring injustice to Eloisa, but also for his extensive propagation of vice.

Although the proofs of the innocence and dignity of Eloisa's love, adduced by your correspondent, may be deemed sufficient, yet, as it is important in every point of view, as much as possible to counteract the false and dissolute pictures drawn by the poet, he might, with propriety, have enlarged on this part of his subject. Nothing, for

instance, can place the mutual esteem and affection of Abelard and Eloisa in a fairer light than that, although possessed of hearts in the highest degree susceptible, they were never known in the whole course of their lives to have entertained any passion except for each other. Vulgar love is always loose and indiscriminate. The following anecdote, which Abelard relates to his friend Philintus, affords a pleasing and striking proof of the high and particular regard which he had for Eloisa, and which inspired in her breast a similar but sublimer flame:—"It being impossible that I could live without seeing Eloisa, I endeavoured to engage her servant, whose name was Agaton, in my interest. She was brown, well-shaped, a person superior to the ordinary rank: her features were regular, and her eyes sparkling; fit to raise love in any man whose heart was not prepossessed by another passion. I met her alone, and entreated her to have pity on a distressed lover. She answered that she would undertake any thing to serve me; but there was a reward. At these words I opened my purse and shewed the shining metal.—'You are mistaken,' said she, smiling, and shaking her head; 'you do not know me. Could gold tempt me—a rich abbot takes his nightly station, and sings under my window: he offers to send me to his abbey which he says is situated in the most pleasant country in the world. A courtier offers me a considerable sum, and assures me that I need not be under any apprehensions; for if our amours have consequences, he will marry me to his gentleman, and give him a handsome employment. To say nothing of a young officer, who patrols about here every night, and makes his attacks after all imaginable forms. It must be love only that could oblige him to follow me; for I have not, like your great ladies, any rings or jewels to tempt him; yet during all his siege of love, his feather and his embroidered coat have not made any breach in my heart: I shall not quickly be brought to capitulate. I am too faithful to my first conqueror:'

—and then she looked earnestly on me. I answered, I did not understand her discourse. She replied, 'For a man of sense and gallantry, you have a very slow apprehension. I am in love with you, Abelard. I know you adore Eloisa; I do not blame you. I desire only to enjoy the second place in your affections. I have a tender heart as well as my mistress. You may, without difficulty, make returns to my passion: do not perplex yourself with unfashionable scruples. A prudent man ought to love several at the same time. If one

should fail, he is not then left unprovided.' You cannot imagine, Philintus, how much I was surprised at these words. So entirely did I love Eloisa, that, without reflecting whether Agaton spoke any thing reasonable or not, I immediately left her. A woman rejected is an outrageous creature. When I had gone a little way from her, I looked back, and saw her biting her nails in the rage of disappointment; which made me fear, and justly too, as I soon experienced, fatal consequences." J. BRIGGS.

London.

THE CABINET.

Extracted from the English Magazines, June 1819.

PRISON ANECDOTE.

Mr. Editor,

ABOUT 3 years ago, some boys from Sheffield were tried and condemned at York for robbing a watchmaker's or silversmith's shop, and were left for transportation. One of the magistrates who was on the grand jury, struck with compassion for the youth and miserable appearance of these poor culprits, spoke to them after their conviction; and, on his return to his own seat in the country, wrote to the governor of York Castle, expressing a wish that some useful instruction might be afforded them while they remained there; promising to bear the expense of it, and desiring him to consult with me on the subject.—It occurred to me, that the best thing to be done was to establish a school, in which the boys might be regularly taught. The Governor was kind enough to furnish a proper room; a decent young man, a prisoner for debt, who had been master of a cheap school in the north of Yorkshire, was hired to teach this little school; and I undertook that my curate or myself would inspect it. The project succeeded beyond our expectations. The master soon grew attached to his pupils on account of their rapid improvement in reading, writing, &c. The boys were diligent, orderly, and attentive to instruction, and their behaviour at the chapel, and their whole conduct at other times, gave us pleasure. This hopeful scene continued till the time of their departure from the Castle, when they were visited by their benevolent patron, who had wished to see and examine them before they left the country. He was highly satisfied with the result of his experiment; and furnished them with useful religious books and tracts to take with them. He also made each of them a present of a guinea, remarking at the same time, 'I give you this to dispose of just as you please; but I cannot help observing that the man whom you robbed is now in the Castle a prisoner for debt; and if I were in your place, I should think it right to make him some compensation for the wrong I had

done him. But you are quite at liberty to do what you like.' He then quitted them and returned home. When he was gone, and the boys were left to themselves, they unanimously agreed to send all that their benefactor had given them (I think to the amount of five or six guineas), to the man whom they had robbed, desiring only that he would return them each a shilling for pocket-money. The poor man, surprised and affected by this unexpected act of restitution, did more than they requested. Care was taken to keep them separate from the other convicts during their journey to the ship, and a charge was given to the master of the transport, to watch over them during their voyage. I also gave them a letter to Mr. Marsden, the senior chaplain of New South Wales, recommending them to his pastoral care. This successful experiment has excited in my mind a strong wish that schools could be formed in all our larger prisons where juvenile offenders are so often to be found. This measure, together with classification, seem to me, after forty years' acquaintance with the inmates of a prison, to be the most promising means of producing reformation. X.

INFANCY OF GEORGE III.

Every circumstance, however minute, which exemplifies traits in the character of our excellent and beloved sovereign, must, at the present moment, be peculiarly interesting to all hearts of feeling and loyalty;...to such, therefore, the following domestic particulars are confidently addressed: they are given on the authority of a lady,* who, when living, was personally acquainted with his Majesty's nurse and her daughter.

The King, as most people have heard, was a seven months' child, and, from that circumstance, so weakly at the period of his birth, that serious apprehensions were entertained that it would be impossible to rear him. It was, in consequence, thought advisable to waive the strict etiquette hitherto maintained, of having for the royal infant a nobly de-

* The writer's mother.

scended nurse, in favour of one in the middle ranks of life—the fine, healthy, fresh-coloured wife of a gardener, probably the head gardener of one of the palaces. This person, beside the recommendations of an excellent constitution, and much experimental skill, was characterised by qualities which so endeared her to the King, that his attachment towards her, never, during her existence, experienced the slightest diminution. She possessed great quickness of feeling, much goodness of heart, with a disposition both disinterested and candid.

The two former of these qualities appear to have instantly opened her affections for the nursling offered to her care: not, however, from pride, at the idea of its being a babe of royal blood; but from the maternal tenderness excited while contemplating the delicate little being, whose frail tenure on life she was confident, under her management, would become strong and permanent. These feelings caused her at the first proposal cheerfully to undertake the anxious charge, but when it was made known to her, that, according to the court etiquette, the royal infant could not be allowed to sleep with her—from etiquette so cold, and, in the present case, so likely, in her opinion, to prove prejudicial, she instantly revolted, and, in terms both warm and blunt, thus expressed herself:—"Not sleep with me! then you may nurse the boy yourself."

To no compromise (or rather reasoning) offered, would she listen; but continued resolutely to refuse to take charge of the royal infant, if bound to observe a ceremony which no argument could make her think otherwise than alike unnatural and unhealthy.

This refusal of an office, which many persons would have been ambitious of filling under any restrictions whatever, upon motives too, so purely disinterested, convinced those with whom she was in debate, of her conscientious belief, that unless the infant prince was entrusted to her sole management she must, in accepting the charge, engage to act in opposition to her own judgment, and thus sacrifice what she considered her duty to him. Influenced by this conviction, they properly represented the affair to the powers by whom they were employed; in consequence of which, the point of court ceremony was yielded to Mrs. -----*. To this conscientious obstinacy on her part, it is more than probable that the nation owes the blessing it has for so many years enjoyed, of being governed by one of the best of men and of kings, that ever united in himself the virtues which grace both characters. But to return—

The affection of his Majesty for his nurse "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength;" but as his power did not keep pace with his increasing regard, it was long before he could prove that regard to her and her family as substantially as his heart yearned to do. His income was considered, even at that time, as too limited for one of his high rank; and of course, though regulated by the strictest prudence and economy, he had little to spare, from

* The circumstance, but not the name, made, at the time of hearing it, a lasting impression on the mind of the writer, when a child.

the necessary expenses of his household, for the gratification of his generous feelings. These were often distressingly called forth by the situation of his nurse, who, after he was grown up, whether from misfortune, or from her husband's extravagance, was frequently in great want of money. On these occasions she always went to the Prince, well knowing that if he could relieve their distress, it would immediately be done; and if not, that his affectionate sympathy would soothe her mind.---Never was she disappointed of this consolation; for when the Prince found himself unable to administer to their exigencies, he has actually been known to mingle his tears with her's---a sympathy which speaks volumes in love and admiration of the heart that felt it.

Whether this woman lived to taste his Majesty's generosity to the full extent he felt it---if ever heard by the writer, memory has lost: but the daughter, who married, (the writer thinks a doctor of divinity, and was, perhaps, the King's foster sister,) was made laundress to his Majesty---a sinecure place of good emolument.

FEMALE GUILT AND FORTITUDE.

Nearly a century since, a wealthy inhabitant of Amsterdam was so unfortunate as to form a connexion with a noted courtesan named Cateau. From that moment he neglected his business, ill-treated his wife, wasted his property, and took to those courses which lead to ruin and infamy.

At the instigation of the courtesan, he trepanned his wife into an uninhabited house, situated in a remote part of the city, where there were vaults which communicated with a canal; and there the wretches murdered her; and, throwing the body into the water, hoped to escape detection.

They were however deceived. The friends of the wife were apprehensive that she was made away with; they communicated their suspicions to the burgomasters; a strict search was made; the body was discovered; and such circumstantial evidence procured, as justified the arrest of the husband and his mistress.

The man shewed signs of guilt; and, when the instruments of torture were applied, he made a full confession of every thing that had occurred; of course, completely criminating the vile woman who had assisted in the murder.

On the contrary, the female stoutly denied every allegation; declared her own innocence; and said the man

was insane, or had been driven, by torture, to criminate her falsely.

They were confronted with each other ; when the man deliberately repeated his confession in her presence, and exhorted her to repent of her crime, and endeavour to save her soul. She looked at him with ineffable contempt ; and, to the disgust and astonishment of her judges, persisted in asserting her innocence, and demanded her acquittal.

She was then put to the torture, the ordinary and extraordinary ; and, although every joint of her legs and arms was dislocated, she steadily persisted in her declarations of innocence.

By the ancient law of Holland, before prisoners could be put to death, they were required to confess their guilt, and the justice of their sentence ; the man, having obeyed both requisitions, escaped torture, and was beheaded on the scaffold facing the stadthouse.

The female Catteau, survived her sufferings, and was imprisoned, during life, in the spen-house : she was of course a cripple, scarcely able to walk or help herself : but her firmness never forsook her, nor was she ever brought to confess her guilt.

After her death, her body was given to the surgeons ; and her skeleton is yet to be seen in the anatomy-chamber in the Nieuwe Market, at Amsterdam.

INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY IN AN ARAB.

Traversing a sandy desert, a wandering Arab found a youth extended on the burning soil, and ready to expire with thirst. The camel of the Arab had a vessel of water swung over him, but there was only sufficient to last for 24 hours. "To what tribe do you belong?" said he to the child.—"To Velled-Hillil."—The name sounded dreadful in the ears of the Arab, for it was that to which his family bore the most inveterate enmity, and no hatred is more cruel than that of the Arabs.—"Thou art a fellow-creature," said the savage ; and instantly presented him with drink. They journeyed together,

the vessel was emptied ; it was two days' journey before they could arrive at any spring, and the child was again choking with thirst ; the Arab drew a knife from his side, opened a vein in his own arm, and quenched the thirst of the son of his mortal enemy !

Original Anecdote.—A little girl, 5 years of age, was equally fond of her mother and grandmother. It being the birth-day of the latter, her mother said to her, "My dear, you must pray to God to bless your grandmamma, and that she may live to be very old." The child looked with some surprise at her mother, who, perceiving it, said, "Well, will you not pray to God to bless your grandmamma, and that she may become very old?" "Ah! mamma!" said the child. "she is very old already, I will rather pray that she may become young."

SUSCEPTIBILITY THE SOURCE OF OUR JOYS AS WELL AS OUR SORROWS.

Persons of refined understanding, though they have many griefs to contend with—griefs which appear more severe in proportion to the elevation of their souls—yet are they susceptible of many joys entirely distinct from, and superior to those which fall to the lot of common mortals. To such the *sours* of life may be said less to offend their tastes than the *sweets* delight it.

When sorrow wounds the feeling heart,
It seems as tho' its keenest dart

Inflicted there the pain ;
But let us not enquire the cause—
Nor Him who gave all nature laws
Presumptuously arraign ;—
For, by the selfsame rule, the soul,
Most open to its dark controul,
No tame, trite medium knows ;
But when the sun of pleasure beams,
Like a vast shield takes all its gleams,
Till it as brightly glows !

SIR WM. WALLACE.

There have of late been several proposals for erecting a monument in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, to the memory of Sir William Wallace. A correspondent in *The Glasgow Chronicle* proposes that this monument shall be a colossal statue of the Scottish hero: the statue to be of cast iron ; one hun-

dred and twenty feet in height ; the whole containing a surface of nine thousand square feet ; weighing one hundred and twenty-five tons ; and the expense, including stairs, balconies, ballustrades, flanches, screw-bolts, and cement, necessary to join the pieces together, being estimated at 3000*l*. As the legs would be nearly five feet in diameter inside, a spiral stair might be fixed in one of them, to lead to suits of tea or other rooms in the body, thighs, and arms of the figure. In some of these, the keeper and his family might reside ; and his emoluments for showing the monument would perhaps amount to five or six hundred pounds a year. There might also be flats let out either as dwelling-houses or summer quarters. The other foot to contain a reservoir of water, or to serve as

stabling for visitor's horses. The head, lighted with gas, might be an observatory, a small rotunda theatre, or concert and assembly room. A clock might be placed in a square corner of the figure ; the hands on the warrior's target. His sword might serve as a thunder rod. Visitors might walk round his bonnet, as they do on the top of the monument in London.—This statue, if well painted and put together, and founded on a rock, might bid defiance to time, and outlive even the Pyramids.

SLEEP.

The late Rev. John Wesley used to assert that six hours' sleep was sufficient for a man, seven hours for a woman, eight hours for a child, and nine hours for a pig.

PROSTITUTES AND BEGGARS.

Extracted from the Panorama.

THE ANALYSIS OF HUMAN NATURE ; &c.&c.
BY S. PHELPS. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE essay on police, poverty, imposition, casual and indiscriminate charity, and prostitution, in this work, contains many interesting facts, and much information that cannot but excite painful sensations in the mind of the reader. Mr. Phelps concludes his first volume with some important observations on the influence of the female character upon society, from which we are tempted to extract the following impressive passages.

"It is in the power of women to form, or reform, the characters of men. As most men may be led away by their allurements, so the most vicious would yield to their persevering kindness and virtuous entreaties. The education and conduct of females are, therefore, of as much or more consequence than those of males, though not so regularly attended to. A virtuous woman is the greatest blessing to, and most valuable part of the human species ; but women are not treated as their merit deserves and their value requires. With them

the power lays to civilize or to corrupt mankind ; to make them good, or to incline them to be vicious. Every care then should be taken, by all good governments, to protect the female character, to support virtuous endeavours, and to check the inroads to licentiousness.

"A virtuous woman is a treasure to her husband, and cannot be too much prized ; but how can women be expected to be virtuous, unless their husbands show them the example, or at least do not counteract it ? When the dignity of their character is injured or degraded, it is but too natural that they should retaliate, and make reprisals in their turn. None should enter the marriage state, who are not determined to obey its laws. The crime of inconstancy is fully as bad in the man as in the woman, because the woman is the weaker vessel ; and, therefore, the husband ought not to oppose, by a contrary example, what he is so eminently desirous of preserving in his wife. Inconstancy is certainly more fatal on the female side than in that of men, but this is no

excuse. Men may be said to be open to more temptations, and are led away by intoxication and other incitements, but superior men are not to be corrupted by such means. It must, however, be allowed, that inconstancy in men may not do as much visible injury as that of women; but the immorality, operating in different and various ways, may produce as much vice and mischief. The most horrible and fatal consequence of female inconstancy and depravity is, that it exposes the woman to other infamy, which must be supported by falsehood and deceit, by fostering children upon the wrong father, and no infamy seems capable of being compared with this; and how a woman can endure to see a husband she has injured, caressing a child which she knows is not his own seems past comprehension: the blush of conscience, one should suppose, would some time or other discover the guilt, which the most abandoned mind could not always conceal. It is however often said to occur; but let us hope, that the belief is more frequent than the real occurrence. Happy is the married pair, who have full confidence in the virtue and honour of each other.

"It is certainly known, by experience, that the accretion of some of the worst evils originates from an illicit intercourse with bad women; and yet this source of evil, if not encouraged, is evidently tolerated by the policy of most countries, to prevent, as is said, greater evils. This is a sort of doctrine, however, that cannot be supported, or be substantiated, by either any direct or imaginary reason or proof; for what is the evil to which prostitution will not lead? The abandonment of virtue, as the term implies, stamps on the forehead of the fallen victim "*the abandoned character*" which is seldom to be erased. When the path of virtue is departed from, the way opens to a field of vice, to which there is no limit. The wretched fugitive, driven by maddening frenzy or by wild despair, haunted by frightful thought, impelled by goading necessity, urged by brooding melancholy, cloyed, or corrupted, by insatiate guilt, stops at

no stop to temperate its thirst, or dissipate its care. While the rising dawn of virtue carols in the morn with new delight, the trumpeter of guilt ushers in light accompanied by all the attributes and fiends of black despair, ready for any evil. The wandering fancy, thus from virtue fled, stops at no bounds; the mind is formed for any work, and those that stop half way in sin are not arrested by any principle of virtuous thought, but by that of fear, or not being urged on by further necessity; for, if necessity impelled them, they would run the whole chain of human evil. This is evidently evinced by the growing magnitude of vice and prostitution. There is a chasm to be filled up, which virtue leaves, and this the distempered brain knows not how to fill. The fever-lurking fiends torture the cankered heart with gnawing anguish; and, if they have their hold, Virtue then takes her flight from the tainted spot, never to return. No calm temper rests there. Pining restlessness either fans the flame, by new and foul desires, or animates its gloom by conscious terror. The heated mind finds no relief. Conscience heightens the maddening thought, the ill-fated wanderer rushes on to desperate deeds, sinks in the abyss of ruthless sin, or fainting in the toil of endless gloom and cheerless hope, yields to despair a wretched life.

"If human nature is ever to be improved, or society ever to be made better, it must be by the encouragement of virtue, particularly in the female sex; and this is not to be done by abandoning them to guilt or despair, or by screening or countenancing those who are their seducers. The most abandoned prostitutes continue in the practice, generally speaking, only because they have no protection or alternative. Money is their sole object, necessity their incentive; for the most depraved have no pleasure in that course of life, than which nothing can be more deplorable. Can the miseries they experience proceed from inclination, or be the objects of their desire? Can the police, or the government of a country, then be good, or the people of such a country be

truly humane, who can see thousands of these wretched beings suffering under all the extremities of guilt and misery, and view them with regardless attention and indifference? There is an honest and bounteous principle and nobleness in the possessors of true virtue, that would wish to see it manifested and conspicuous in all others, as well as in themselves; and those owe little to virtue who have never had the trial or occasion to resist temptation.

"There is scarcely an instance of a prostitute, either in high or low life, emanating from a well-regulated and virtuous family. If some exceptions are to be found, they proceed from the want of early care and proper education, or from the arts of seduction and bad example in others, in the first instance. It is quite time that governments and human wisdom should not look upon these wretched beings as necessary evils. Society can never be bettered by such principles. This is the root of all evil, and the way to stop its growth can only be by the better care and instruction of the rising generation, to bend the plant to its right direction, and to nourish and protect it in its progress; for if virtue can ever be established, as the only good and means by which human na-

ture can be supported, or mankind can prosper, the odium of vice will then not only become disgusting, but be incapable of existence. This seems to be the true principle by which society can be benefitted and improved.

"The evils of life seem to proceed as much from error and necessity, or the want of support in virtuous actions, as from ignorance or want of good principle. The best *police*, therefore, that can be established in any country, is to promote virtuous actions; for the punishment of the guilty can afford little encouragement to be penitent; and relieve by its terrors the sufferings of distress, or conduct the untutored mind to purity of action. While the calls of nature and necessity are allured by the glowing temptations of profligate or vicious prosperity, and the sober suits of modesty and virtue are left unheeded and neglected, the police, or policy of a nation, which admits of such principles, must have more the show of terror than of justice. The mode to better the condition of mankind, and to benefit society, is not by the punishment of crime, but by such public and private institutions as best tend to fix the early and true principles and support of moral happiness and conscious virtue."

To be continued.

VARIETIES.

INDIA RUBBER.

MR. URBAN, *Chelsea, May 4, 1819.*

TO some of your Country Readers, particularly those who live at a distance from market-towns, it may be gratifying to be apprised of two qualities of the *Indian-rubber*, which tend to increase its utility.

1. Although it may have lain by for years, and till as hard and inflexible as horn, it may be restored to its former pliant and serviceable state, by being put into boiling water, and suffered to soak in it, until cold.

2. When, after long use, in rubbing out pencil-marks, it has become so deeply saturated with the black lead, as to soil the paper on which it is rubbed, it may be washed clean with hot water and soap, and rendered fit for new service.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Singular Fact.—The lovers of natural history may find amusement in the following article:—Mr. Gray, of Tower-street, Chichester, has at this time in his possession a hawk and a pigeon, both of which, for some months past, have been together in a small garden. From docimiliary treatment, their natural antipathies are quite obliterated, and the pigeon is completely master of his companion, which he never fails to evince, if at any time the latter encroach on his demesne.

FASHIONABLE EXTRAVAGANCE OF A FEATHERED THIEF.

A singular circumstance lately occurred at Darley Abbey near Derby. The laundry-maid spread out in an open drying-ground, amongst other things, five yards of

narrow leno muslin, in two pieces; in a short time she missed them, and sought for them in vain. Two days after, with many other articles, she laid out five yards of lace, in five separate pieces, which also soon disappeared; and every possible enquiry was made about them, but they could not be found. Within a week, a labourer saw something white hanging out of a thrice-cock's nest, at the distance of eighty yards from the drying-ground, and having heard of the loss of the lace, &c. he took down the nest, and the leno and lace were found within it, beautifully interwoven and twisted amongst the twigs so as to form a complete lining. Unfortunately, the nest, which was a real curiosity, was pulled to pieces, and the whole ten yards were taken out uninjured and unsoiled. What a lesson this little circumstance teaches us, not to suspect too lightly those around us; and how forcibly it reminds us of the interesting drama of the "Maid and the Magpie."

A short time since, 21 goslings, the property of Stephen Hammond, and Jonathan Stacey, were stolen from *Wymondham*. The proprietors offered a reward of five pounds to any person who would discover the offender. A man named William Doubleday was suspected, who, it was ascertained, was gone to sell goslings. The goose, from which the goslings were stolen, was procured; and a person proceeded to Epping, where Doubleday was found, with a number of goslings in his possession. The goose was set down, and the 21 goslings immediately left the rest, and came about her. Doubleday was, in consequence, taken into custody, and is committed to Chelmsford gaol to take his trial at the next Assizes.

On the 13th of April was killed, at Old Bewick Farm, in the parish of *Eglingham*, a cow, three years old, the property of Mr. Henderson, of the Bell Inn, Belford. About seventeen months ago, she broke one of her hinder legs, and amputation was deemed necessary, by which the poor animal was reduced to a skeleton. The defect was at length supplied with a wooden leg, with which she walked about and grazed, and became the astonishment of all who beheld her. There is also in the possession of Mr. Hayes, a butcher, of Southampton, a pig, with a wooden leg, on the off side before; and it appears to walk with little lameness or inconvenience.

SINGULAR CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

April 13, 1819. Died John Leadbeater, of Sheffield, of hydrophobia, after two days of indescribable and even unimaginable sufferings. There is a secrecy about the access, the latency, the action, and the issue of this destroyer, almost as impenetrable as the realities of the invisible world, which we know to exist, without the possibility of apprehending their mode of existence by any of our senses. The escape from its visitation under circumstances when there appears every probability that the infection has been directly communicated by the bite of a rabid animal, are as unaccountable as the exhibition of it in the system of those who have no recollection that they could have been inoculated with the venom through any means beyond touching what may be touch-

ed with impunity by any body. The latter was the case of the deceased. He had, at the utmost, carelessly handled a dog that died of what is vulgarly called "the distemper;" and through some imperceptible puncture of the skin, the contagion entered as quietly as a ray of light falls upon the eye, and was undistinguished amongst the millions of momentary sensations that form the links of that chain of conscious existence which is felt in the whole; while the parts are too minute and evanescent to be detected and separated by the most exquisite scrutiny. During the progress of his agonies, the deceased possessed perfect presence of mind; and, except under the highest paroxysms of involuntary exasperation, manifested the most gentle, considerate, and compliant disposition. Towards his wife he showed a tenderness most affecting to the beholders; and, indeed, the horrors of his situation were softened beyond any thing that they had ever heard of in persons so agonized, by the amiable and generous feelings of an unsophisticated heart, frequently bursting forth with passionate expressions of gratitude, attachment, and good will. He seemed to die by too rapid a combustion of life; as if the flame that, in the course of nature, might have cheered existence for forty years to come, had all been condensed and expanded in the space of two days; sensibility being so quickened, that a drop of liquid was as difficult to swallow as the ocean, and a breath of air as terrible as a blast of the Simoon.

The Works of Charles Lamb, 2 vols. Post 8vo.

This collection comprises Poems; John Woodvil, a Tragedy; Rosamond Gray, a Tale; Essays on Shakspeare, Hogarth, and on Christ's Hospital, and on the character of the boys educated there; Imitations of the style of Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy; and various miscellaneous pieces of a sprightly cast. The following elegant sonnet may be considered no unfair specimen of the general cast of the poetry:—

A timid grace sits trembling in her eye
As loth to meet the rudeness of men's sight;
Yet shedding a delicious lunar light
That steeps in kind oblivious ecstasy
The care-craz'd mind, like some still melody:
Speaking most plain the thoughts which do possess
Her gentle spirit—peace and meek quietness
And innocent loves and maiden purity:
A look whereof might heal the cruel smart
Of changed friends or fortune's wrongs unkind;
Might to sweet deeds of mercy move the heart
Of him who hates his brethren of mankind.
'Turn'd are those lights from me, who fondly yet
Past joys—vain loves, and varied hopes, regret.

But the *critical* portion of these volumes is the part which we think most likely to attract attention. To enable the

reader to form a judgment of the author's talent in this way, we shall content ourselves with extracting his observations on the Tragedy of Lear, considered with reference to its stage representation :—

“LEAR,”

says Mr. Lamb, “cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear. They might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimensions, but in intellectual—the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano—they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom, that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid here—This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on ; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities, and weakness, and the impotence of rage. While we read it, we see not Lear, but we *are* Lear ; we are in his mind—we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms ; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immetho-
dized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth at will upon the abuses and corruptions of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for having connived at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that ‘they themselves are old,’ what has the voice, or eye, to do with such things ?”

Again—in acting the play of King Lear, it has always been thought necessary to soften the horrors of the story, by changing the catastrophe, which Mr. Lamb, we think with some success, combats.

“A happy ending !—as if the living

martyrdom that Lear has gone through, the flaying alive of his feelings, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, why all this preparation ? why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy ? as if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again, could tempt him to act over again his misused station, as if, at his years and with his experience, any thing was left—but to die !”

LINES BY WALTER SCOTT.

The *third Part of the Journal of New Voyages and Travels*, contains details gratifying to our national pride, in the two Excursions of M. DUPIN to our Ports and great Public Establishments. These things are no where else described ; and facts relative to these triumphs of genius and science are developed, which will astonish the people who never see them, because they imagine they can see them at any time. Mons. DUPIN wrote some lines on the Caledonian Canal, which, to oblige the editor of the Journal, Mr. WALTER SCOTT has obligingly anglicized ; and, as a tribute to his genius, we submit them to our readers :

Far in the desert Scottish bounds I saw
Art's proudest triumph over Nature's law ;
Where, distant shores and oceans to combine,
Her daring hand has traced a liquid line,
Uniting lakes, around whose verges rise
Mountains, which hide their heads in misty skies ;
Each bound within such adamant chain,
For ages lash'd its lonely shores in vain ;
Till, through their barriers, skill and labour led
She witting waves along a level bed.
Thus e'en with her wildest fastness, man
Subdued his step-dame Nature's churlish plan.
The barren wilds, divested of their shade,
No trees could yield the giant-work to aid.
To mould the gates the skilful artist hied,
And iron frames the want of oak supplied.
Form'd of such stern material, portals nine,
In basins eight, the sever'd waves confine ;
Locking each portion in its separate cell,
Whose gloomy grots might seem the gates of hell.
But better-augured name the passage bears,
Call'd by the hardy pilot Neptune's Stairs.
There might the sea-god and his vassals meet,
And gradulate the fair descending fleet,
When down those wat'ry stairs were seen to glide
Eight gallant sail that sought th' Atlantic tide,
Commerce and Art the floating wonder hail'd,
And triumph'd where the Roman arms had fail'd.

BEAUTIFUL SCULPTURE.

The Albion, 74, lately arrived at Portsmouth, has brought to England a group, by Canova, in Parian Marble, of the three Graces, (natural size) of Hebes, Bacchantes, Nymphs, and of the Muses, taken from the most celebrated antique models, and executed under the eye of Canova, in white marble, which are intended to be placed in an elegant Temple of the Muses, recently erected in Woburn-park, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Bedford. Some of these figures cost his Grace 3,000*l.* each. The cases containing them were not suffered to be opened at the Custom-house, from the danger there would be of breaking them; but the duty will be paid when fixed on their pedestals. There has also been landed from this ship, a magnificent collection of medals and coins, for the British Museum; and a curious and elegant collection of weights and measures, for Lord Castlereagh, by which, we understand, his lordship hopes to illustrate a plan which he has had some time in progress, to equalize the weights and measures among all civilized nations. Various packages of alabaster figures, vases, antiques, models, and groups, for numerous of the nobility, manufacturers at the potteries, and artists, have also been landed, with several casts from antique basso relievos, &c.

ANCIENT ROME.---A Monk at Rome, in the course of exploring the traces of one of the 12 Monasteries of St. Benedict, has discovered a large edifice, which is supposed to have been built by Nero. He has opened a length of 260 feet, and found 12 chambers square and circular, besides an aqueduct of 200 paces.

The enterprise formed to draw from the bed of the Tiber the statues and other wrecks of antiquity, which it is supposed are deposited there, appears to obtain success. Already the sum of 60,000 scudi is almost completed. This sum is deposited in the hands of the Papal banker, the Duke of Torlonia. All the objects which it is hoped will be drawn from the bed of the river, by means of a machine invented for the purpose, will be formed into one mass, and valued by *connoisseurs*. The Pope's chamber will receive a sixth, and will also have the right of priority to purchase the rest. A Papal commissioner is appointed to superintend the enterprise. The operation will last two months, and will be terminated before the beginning of September. Should it succeed, the director of the enterprise, M. Varo, promises to each shareholder a premium of 200 scudi, besides the interest of his money. The English display much zeal in subscribing for every enterprise useful to the arts.

HERCULANEUM MANUSCRIPTS.---Sir Humphry Davy has published a *Report on the state of the Manuscripts of Papyrus, found at Herculaneum*. He states that he made some experiments on them, which soon convinced him, that the nature of these manuscripts had been generally misunderstood: that they had not, as is usually supposed, been carbonized by the operation of fire, and that they were in a state analogous to peat, or Bovey coal, the leaves being generally cemented into one mass of a peculiar substance which had formed during the fermentation and chemical change of the vegetable matter composing

them, in a long course of years. An examination of the excavations that still remain open at Herculaneum confirmed the opinion that the manuscripts had not been acted on by fire. He found a small fragment of the ceiling of one of the rooms, containing lines of gold leaf and vermillion, in an unaltered state; which could not have happened, if they had been acted upon by any temperature sufficient to convert vegetable matter into charcoal. Moisture, by its action upon vegetable matter, produces decomposition, which may be seen in peat bogs in all its different stages; when air and water act conjointly on leaves or small fibres, they soon become brown, then black; and by a long-continued operation of air, even at common temperatures, the charcoal itself is destroyed, and nothing remains but the earths which entered into the constitution of the vegetable substance. The number of Manuscripts and of fragments originally brought to the museum at Portici amounted to 1696; of these 88 have been unrolled, and found in a legible state; 319 more have been operated upon, and more or less unrolled, and found not to be legible; while 94 have been presented to foreign potentates. Amongst the 1265 that remain, and which Sir Humphry examined with attention, by far the greatest number consists of small fragments, or of mutilated or crushed manuscripts, in which the folds are so irregular, as to offer little hopes of separating them so as to form connected leaves; from 80 to 120 are in a state which presents a great probability of success; and of these the greater number is of the kind in which some volatile vegetable matter remains, and to which a chemical process may be applied with the greatest hope of useful results.---Of the 38 manuscripts containing characters, with the exception of a few fragments, in which some lines of Latin poetry have been found, the great body consists of works of Greek philosophers or sophists; 6 are of Epicurus, 32 bear the name of Philodemus, 3 of Demetrius, and one of each of these authors, Colotes, Polystratus, Carneades, and Chrysippus; and the subjects of these works, and the works of which the names of the authors are unknown, are either natural or moral philosophy, medicine, criticism, and general observations on the arts, life, and manners.

April 24. A lad named James Bigmore, started from Sudbury with the Phenomena coach at half past twelve at noon, and ran eleven miles in the first hour. On stopping at the different stages he took no rest, but assisted in putting in the horses, and again set off with alacrity. In this manner he kept up with the coach the whole way to Norwich, a distance of nearly sixty miles, where he arrived five minutes before seven; nor did he seem at all distressed, but walked about to view the city. He has a very sickly and emaciated appearance, and is rather of short stature.

It is calculated that the national debt, in 1*l.* Bank of England notes, taken at the round sum of 800,000,000*l.* and at the rate of 5*1*/₂ to the pound, will be found to amount to the enormous weight of 648 tons 2 qrs. and 9 lbs.; which, allowing 2 cwt. 2 qrs. to each man, would require upwards of 5,500 able-bodied porters to carry it away---or more than 200 waggons, with four horses.

POETRY.

ISRAEL IN CAPTIVITY.

Psalm 137.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHERE Babylon's proud waters roll,
In exile we sate down to weep ;
For thoughts of Zion, o'er our soul,
Came like departed joys in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though lost for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where worn with toil our limbs reclined ;
The chords, untuned and trembling rung
With mournful music of the wind ;
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried, " Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land ?
If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,—
Jerusalem !—forget her skill,
My tongue lie mute, my pulse be still.

THE FIVE OAKS OF DALWITZ.

From the German of KÖRNER.

THIS evening—in the silent west
The rosy hues of day-light fade.
And here I lay me down to rest,
Beneath your venerable shade !
Bright records of a better day,
Aged—but sacred from decay—
Still in your stately forms reside,
Of ages past the grace and pride !—

The brave hath died—the good hath sunk—
The beautiful hath passed away !
Yet green each bough, and strong each trunk
That smiles in evening's farewell ray—
Storms blew in vain—the leaves still spread
A bright crown on each aged head—
And yet, methinks, the branches sigh,
" Farewell—the great of earth must die !"

But ye have stood !—still bold and high,
And fresh, and strong, and undecayed ;
When hath the pilgrim wandered by,
Nor rested in your quiet shade ?
Yet mourn not when the sear leaves fall,
At coming Winter's icy call !
They perish in their parent earth,
They nurse the tree that gave them birth !

Emblems of ancient Saxon faith !
Our fathers, in our country's cause,
Thus died the patriot's holy death,
Died for her freedom and her laws !
In vain they died—in vain, for all
Are silent to their country's call—
In vain she calls—the storm hath past
O'er Germany—her oaks stand fast,
Her people perished in the blast !

SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of Giambattista Costa.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I SAW the eternal God, in robes of light,
Rise from his throne,—to judgment forth He came ;
His presence pass'd before me, like the flame
That fires the forest in the depth of night ;
Whirlwind and storm, amazement and affright,
Compass'd his path, and shook all nature's frame,
When from the heaven of heavens, with loud acclaim,
To earth he wing'd his instantaneous flight.

As some triumphal oak, whose boughs have spread
Their changing foliage through a thousand years,
Bows to the rushing wind its glorious head,
The universal arch of yonder spheres
Sunk with the pressure of its Maker's tread,
And earth's foundations quaked with mortal fears.

*Additional Stanzas for SPENSER's Fairy
Queen. § By the Rev. JOHN GRAHAM.*

XXXVI.

THE seventh Censoriousness, with lip uphearl'd,
Did on a snarling Mastiff crooked ride,
At war with all that's fair in this foul world,
A compound of malignity and pride ;
For ever prone to censure and to chide,
She praises only where she might reprove ;
Stranger to friendship, execrating love,
She courts the raven dark, and harasses the Dove.*

XXXVII.

Holds man that "jewel in a thrice barr'd chest †,"
In days when faith and fealty both wax cool,
A plain bold spirit in a loyal breast,
An heart long train'd in honour's goodly school ?
This deadly fiend, who aims on earth to rule,
Will urge her minions to deface his fame,
To blast him as a bigot or a fool,
To call his worth some ignominious name,
And crush him with a load of obloquy and shame.

XXXVIII.

The eighth was black Ingratitude, who perch'd
Upon Hyæna's back, most warily
Around her with an eye of Argus search'd
For hapless victims of her perfidy.
Hated by God, and eke by man, is she,
Doom'd in the Sacred volume to partake
With wizard foul, the dismal destiny
That sends them as the offspring of the snake
To feel th' eternal fire of Acherontic lake.

XXXIX.

Who has not mark'd Ingratitude's pale eye
Which owns an obligation in the mind,
Yet from a friend, as from a foe would fly,
Nor temper with one kindly glance the act unkind.

§ See Book I. Canto IV. Stanza xviii. &c.

* "Dat veniam Corvis—Vexat censura Colum-
bas."—*Hor.*† "A jewel in a thrice barr'd chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast."—*Shel Speere.*

And oft—too oft to love's strong power resign'd,
The beauteous maiden, by this dæmon won,
Was doom'd in lover false, a foe to find,
Who spurn'd her from his feet, deceiv'd, undone,
To wander thro' a cold wide world, unpitied and
alone.

XL.

* "And after all, upon the waggon beam
Rode Satan, with a smarting whip in hand,

* The last of these stanzas is given to connect the others with the original. The preceding personages in the beautiful original which describes Lucifer's cavalcade, are Idleness, Gluttony, Lechery, Avarice, Envy, and Wrath; the first mounted on a slothful ass, the second on a filthy swine, the third on a

With which he forward lash'd the lazy team,
So oft as Sloth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band
Shouting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had cover'd all the land,
And underneath their feet all scattered'd lay
Dead skulls and bones of men whose life had gone
astray."

bearded goat, the fourth on a camel laden with gold, the fifth on a ravenous wolf, and the sixth upon a restive lion. This allegory exhibits a noble subject for painting. "Lucifer's Cavalcade" may employ the pencil of some future Hogarth.

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS.

NEW NOVELS, &c. PUBLISHED.

Angustus and Adeline, or the Monk of St. Bernardine; by Miss C. D. Haynes. 4 vols. Elvington; by Mrs. Nathan. 3 vols. Zeal and Experience. 2 vols. 12mo.

Gognagog Hall, or the Philosophical Lord and the Governess: by the author of *Prodigious! or Childe Paddie in London*. 3 vols. 12mo.

The Aubid: an Eastern Tale; by James Atkinson, esq. 8vo.

The Sisters of St. Gothard: a tale; by Elizabeth Cullen Brown. 2 vols. 12mo.

Robin Hood; a tale of the olden time. 2 vols. 12mo.

Pastorals, Ruggiero, and other Poems; by E. D. Baynes, esq.

The Festival of Flora; a poem: with botanical notes and engravings; by the Rev. Arthur Crichton.

The Ocean Cavern: a tale of the Tonga Isles. In three cantos. 8vo.

The Age of Intellect, or Clerical Showfolk and Wonderful Lay-folk, by Francis Moore, physician. 8vo.

Emigration: a poem; in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal. 8vo.

The Arab: a tale. 8vo.

The Exhibition: a poem; by a Painter.

Journey over Land from the Head Quarters of the Marquis of Hastings in India, through Egypt to England, in the years 1817 and 1818; with an account of the occurrences of the late War, and the character and the customs of the Pindarries; by Lieut. Col. Fitzclarence. 4to.

Lady Morgan is about to receive the same honour as her celebrated cotemporary, Walter Scott. Her interesting national tale, Florence Macarthy, has been dramatised by Mr. Dibden, and is forthcoming at the Surrey Theatre.

Lady Clarke, the sister of Lady Morgan, is about to publish her Comedy, entitled, the Irishwoman, lately performed with great success on the Dublin stage.

The author of those amusing Poems, the Banquet, Dessert, &c. proves to be HANS BUSK, Esq., a gentleman well known in the higher circles. He has announced a new poem, entitled, *The Vestriad*, or the Opera, which, according to report, promises to afford much entertainment.

The translation of Madame de Genlis' National Tale *Les Parvenus* (The Upstarts) appears this week under the title of *The New Era*. To the charms of fiction this

production unites all the solid advantages of historical record, and it is not therefore surprising that the rarity of such a combination in a French novel should have procured for it extraordinary success in France.

In the course of the month will be published, in a handsome octavo volume, illustrated with Plates, Letters from Palestine, descriptive of a Tour through Galilee and Judea, with some account of the Red Sea, and of the present state of Jerusalem.

Mr. W. A. Pearkes is printing, *Popular Observations on the Diseases incident to Literary and Sedentary Persons*, with hints for their prevention and cure.

Dr. F. Swediaur is printing, a Treatise on the Symptoms, Effects, and Nature of the Treatment of Syphilitic Disorders.

Preparing for publication, *An Essay on the Diagnosis, Morbid Anatomy, and Treatment of the Diseases of Children*; by Marshall Hall, M. D. F. R. S. E. &c.

In a few days will be published in 2 vols, foolscap 8vo. *Hints on the Sources of Happiness*, addressed to her Children by a Mother, Author of "Always Happy," &c.

There is now building at Glasgow, on a plan of Mr. Creighton's, a vessel of malleable iron, intended as a passage boat for the Great Canal Company. This boat though composed of iron, will be, it is computed, from four to five tons lighter than the same dimensions in wood, as well as much superior in strength.

A life boat, principally cork, constructed by Mr. Plenty, of Newbury (inventor of the cast-iron plough), was sent to Deptford, last week, by order of the Admiralty, for the use of the Northern expedition.

Some experiments on the preparation of linen and thread from the flos of nettles, have been made lately in Ireland. The thread in colour, strength, and firmness, is equal, if not superior, to that obtained from flax, and the linen has the appearance of common grey linen.

Dr. Harrington, Author of *Fire and Planetary Life*, from which all the new and improved Nautical Tables have been taken, has in the press, and will publish shortly, *An extension of his Important Theory and System of Chemistry*, elucidating all the phenomena, without one single anomaly.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin is preparing a Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in Normandy, France, and Germany. in 3 volumes, to arrange with his *Decameron*,